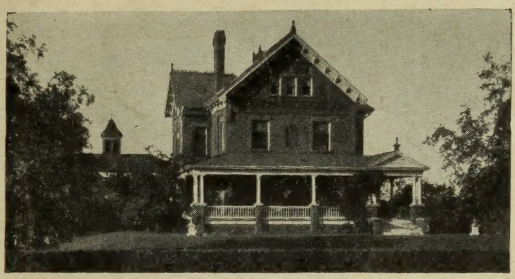
CANADA'S FARTHEST SOUTH



THE NIAGARA AND LAKE ERIE FRUIT DISTRICTS

A trip through the famous peach orchards and vineyards of South Western Ontario.

By H. A. KENNEDY, (of the 'London Times' staff)
LONDON, ENG.

ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF
HON. W. J. ROCHE, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.
OTTAWA, CANADA.

A Niagara district pear tree in bloom.

Springtime in Ontario's fruit belt.

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By H. A. KENNEDY, (of the London "Times" Staff)
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CONTENTS.

We arrive by Motor-car 3

Hamilton, a great Manufacturing Centre—A Peach Market—The Climate of South Ontario—Civilization—Roads—Cement Sidewalks—" The Mountain "—Beautiful Homes—Trees—Flowers—A Roadside Railway—Vines and Peach Trees.

The Garden City 10

A Romantic History—The First British Settlers—Old Niagara—A Woman's Heroism—A Great Water Highway—The City of St. Catharines.

Among the Grapes and Peaches 14

Better than Gold—The Peach, the Queen of Fruits—Big Beauties—Their Cultivation—The Peach-tree's Life-time—Peach-growing a Certainty—Varieties Grown—The Vine—A Native of Canada—Its Varieties.

Turning Fruit into Money 19

Big Markets close by—Great Demand for Fruit in the West—Methods of Sale—Co-operation—Niagara Peaches in England—Pears, Cherries and Plums—Strawberries and Raspberries—" Canned " Fruits—" Canneries "—Jam Factories—Making Wine and Grape-juice—Apples—" The Mountain "—Market Gardens—Vegetables under Glass—Flower Growing.

What Immigrants Have Done 25

The Electric Tram—Port Dalhousie—" Rubbers "—Englishmen's Homes—Bits of England—Insularity—Variety a Good Thing—Failures and Successes—Capital, Character, and Experience—The Lad from the Land—The Sort of Men Wanted—An " Old-country Association."

Work and Wages 31

Absurd Statements—Hard Work not Drudgery—" Easily Scared, Easily Spared "—Regular Working Hours—Wages and Extras—A Year's Contract—Free Board and Lodging—Money for Fruit-picking—Work and Climate—Calendar of a Year's Work—Cows, Pigs, Bees, and Poultry.

Helps for Fruit-growers 36

Education for Fruit-growing—Agricultural Colleges—Experimental Farms—Government Assistance.

Social Life 38

Good Fellowship—Rural Telephones and Tramways—Entertainments—Rowing—" The Henley of Canada "—Games—Birds—Volunteer Soldiers—Sailors—Women.

Revenue and Expenditure 41

Prices of Food and Clothes—Implements—Prices of Farms—Low Taxes—Roads—Banks and Money—Profits from Fruit Crops.

The Farthest South 44

The Lake Erie Shore—The Essex Peninsula—As far South as Rome—An Excursion from Windsor to Leamington—Scenes by the Way—The Mediterranean of Canada—Tobacco-growing—Peaches—Vegetables for Pickling—Melons, Strawberries, and Onions—" Corn and Hogs "—Labour—Land Prices—The Climate.

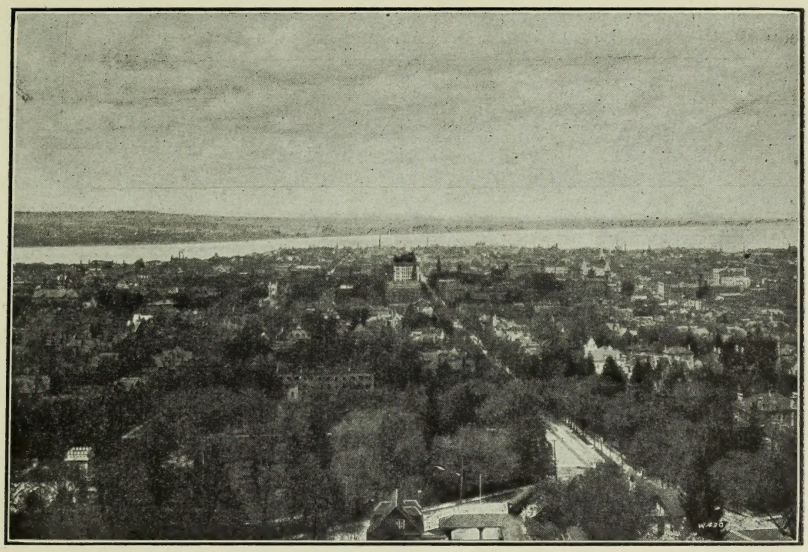
CANADA'S FARTHEST SOUTH.

WE ARRIVE BY MOTOR-CAR.

"The car is ready; are you?"

I was sitting with the telephone at my ear, looking out of a window on the main square of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Before me, a fine public garden; around me, the busy modern city, with its handsome shops and offices and churches, its factories stretching down to Lake Ontario and along the shore, its beautiful residential streets stretching up to the forest-crowned Mountain.

It is essentially a manufacturing centre, this city of Hamilton, sending out large quantities of agricultural implements; all sorts of iron and steel wares, from delicate electrical apparatus to heavy



Hamilton, situated on Burlington Bay, has a population of about 85,000, and is one of the industrial centres of Canada.

bridge girders; cotton goods, woollen clothing, and a singular variety of other manufactures. The greatest developed water-power in the world is only forty miles away, Niagara Falls; the famous Pennsylvania coal field is also within easy reach, over the United States frontier. Both the great railways of the Dominion, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, not to speak of the water highway of lake and river and canal, carry the city's productions all over the country as far west as the Prairie and Pacific Provinces, and as far east as the Atlantic coast, whence already a good many of them find their way to Europe, Africa, and Australasia. Yes, the "Ambitious City" is bent on becoming one of the greatest manufacturing centres of the world, and there seems no reason why its ambition should not be realized.

The City of Hamilton.

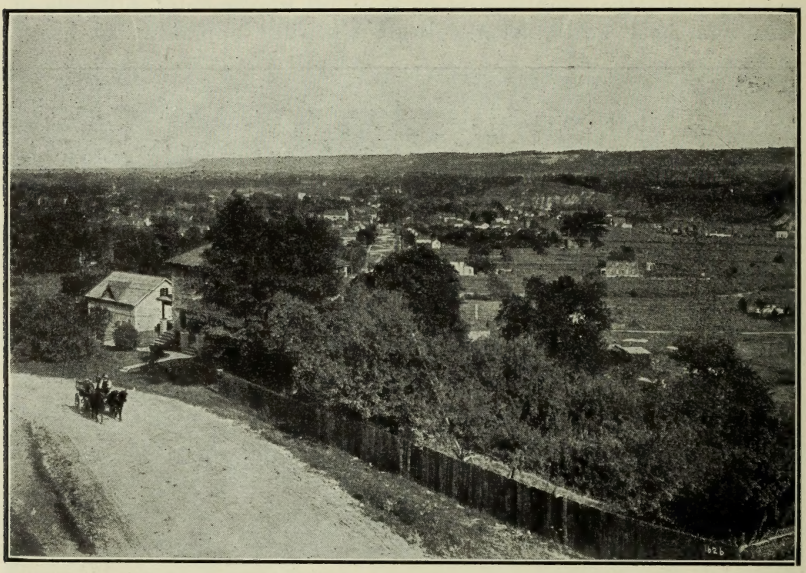
Yet, if you turn aside from the main street into the market, you discover that Hamilton is a great agricultural centre as well. Hundreds of wagons, wedged in long solid rows, are unloading fruit enough, you would think, for the city to eat in a year. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds are here; and there is no need to peer into the wagons if you want to

A Peach Market.

know which kind predominates. A blind man could tell you that, for the air is fragrant with the scent of—Peaches.

The Peach? Peaches? The queen of fruits? The delicate, the exquisite, the lovely, the rare and perfumed peach?

In Canada? "Why," I hear a fellow-countryman exclaim, "we can't grow peaches even in the mildest parts of England, except in hot-houses, or against a high wall facing south. We see them in shops, and they make our mouths water, but we see them at sixpence, ninepence, and even a shilling each, and wonder how anyone can be rich enough to buy such luxuries. We can't afford to eat them; and you talk of hundreds of farm wagons laden with them in the market-place of a Canadian town!"



A view of Dundas, one of the oldest towns in Western Ontario.

South Ontario.

Yes, an ounce of fact outweighs all the cloud of hazy notions that rise up in many people's minds when they think about Canada. Look at a map of the world, and you see that Hamilton is no farther from the tropics than the French and Italian Riviera on the Mediterranean coast To be sure, degrees of latitude are not everything. Climate is regulated not only by distance from the equator but by the currents of air and sea, and very largely by the absence or presence of great bodies of open water. In parts of Canada the winters are very cold, the summers short. But when you have learnt the merest A.B.C. of Canadian geography you become aware that Canada is a vast Dominion, 3,000 miles across from east to west, and over 2,000 miles across from north to south, lapped by the waters of the Atlantic on one side, and by the mild Pacific on the other, stretching from the latitude of Iceland to that of Spain and Italy. When you have learnt that, you can realize that Canada must possess not one climate but many, and it will no longer surprise you to find that the famous district I am going to describe has a climate in which peaches and grapes and melons and maize and tomatoes and tobacco flourish and ripen as they could not possibly do in the most favoured section of the United Kingdom.

"The car is ready!" Here is another surprise. "Whatever may be the fact about the variety of Canadian climates," my questioner continues, "surely you don't deny that Canada is a—well, a primitive sort of country, with roads far too rough for motoring?"

I like questions. They help to bring facts to light, and I hate the idea of hiding the facts, however inconvenient they may seem. For any sake let us get at the facts!

Roads and Motor-cars.

There is no doubt at all that much of Canada is still " primitive "—in a state of nature. If it were not so, how could she offer, as she does, rich and unlimited opportunities to the capable and enterprising men and women of our race to go in and possess the land, to utilize the forest primeval, dig up the minerals hidden since the formation of the world, and transform millions of acres of virgin prairie into fields of waving grain? It is true at the same time to say that all over Canada, from east to west, you already find cities and

Vineyard in the Winona Section.

towns and villages possessing all the " conveniences of civilization " such as we are accustomed to in the cities and towns and villages of the Old Country. It is true also, on the other hand, that the science of road-making is in a backward state even in the older Provinces, this being one department of industry to which the people have hardly given the attention it deserves. Nevertheless, I have seen motor-cars flying along not only in and around the great cities, but out on the prairies of the " Wild West "; and in the highly advanced and civilized region I am now concerned with,—well, " The car is ready," and so are we.

Down through the east end of the city we go, passing hundreds of cottages where men live who work at the steel smelters, or at the big factories where the " harvester " is produced,—a miracle of modern machinery that makes the farmer's work light. We notice the clean, solid pavements of artificial stone, that have taken the place of the old plank sidewalks once universal in Canada. We shall notice those fine solid pavements many a time after this, —even in little villages where it used to be anything but pleasant to get about in wet weather or when the plank walks grew old and the nails stuck up and caught your toes. There is no mud just now, and a big tank on wheels is laying the dust, for the weather is hot and dry,—good ripening weather. A wagon loaded with ripe tomatoes meets us. There is plenty of room

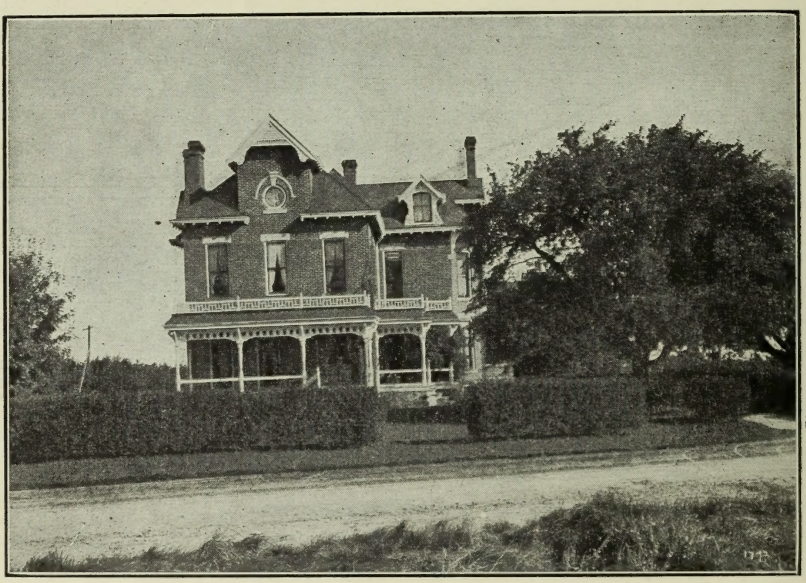
Cement Sidewalks.

to pass, and the motor does not seem to provoke the ill-feeling and hostile remarks that it inspires, with a good deal of reason, on the roads of England.

The scenery is beautiful, so beautiful that it almost distracts our attention from the highly practical object of our journey. There are no real mountains in southern Ontario,—and for this the Ontario farmers are duly thankful,—but for many miles now we are travelling parallel with the foot of what looks like the side of a mountain range. It is really the northern edge of a great tableland, and if we climb the slope and look down southward we see a fine farming region stretching away to Lake Erie. That lake is at a much higher level than Lake Ontario; and the Niagara Falls owe their existence to this fact, the Niagara River descending from the higher to the lower level by a single gigantic leap.

"The Mountain."

The steep slope is never far from the road, and sometimes so near that we can identify the trees that cover it with a forest cloak. There



A comfortable home in the fruit section of Ontario.

is plenty of a milder and not less attractive beauty along the roadside, too: the beauty of human homes, with their gardens, shade-trees, and hedgerows. It is a wonderful picture, a whole gallery of pictures, that we are passing through,—bowling along at a decent pace, not fast enough to miss any detail of the show. Here, now, is a cosy cottage almost hidden away among firs and variegated foliage, behind a hedge of young cedars. Here is a handsome gabled house, with a well-kept tennis lawn in front, and flower beds ablaze with cannas and geraniums. And here is a still more ambitious residence, with a front of high pillars, after the fashion of an old English mansion dating back 200 years or more. These folk also are evidently fond of lawn tennis. There are so many beautiful houses that I could fill pages with them. This I may not do; but I must not fail to tell of the trees.

Beautiful Homes.

To anyone brought up in a well-wooded country, the bareness of parts of the western plains is at first a little depressing, however fertile and rich they may be, and however profitable to mankind as "the granary of the world." A tree is

Trees.

like a friend whom we are always glad to meet; and Ontario, from this point of view among others, is a most friendly land. When the whole country was covered with forest, of course, and men could only make room for farms and homes by clearing the forest away, trees were not regarded with a very friendly eye. But that time is long past; and the Federal and Provincial Governments, taking warning from the reckless waste that has brought the United States almost within sight of a timber famine, are steadily increasing their measures to protect and improve the forests of the Dominion and to encourage the planting of trees where none yet grow.

It is not a wild forest, however, that we encounter on this motor-ride. To be sure, the wild forest trees are not missing,—the maple, the oak, the birch, the willow, the poplar, and the dark-hued spruce and cedar. And these, when set out in the open, not crowded and lost among their multitudinous mates, are as decorative and orna-

Wayside Flowers.

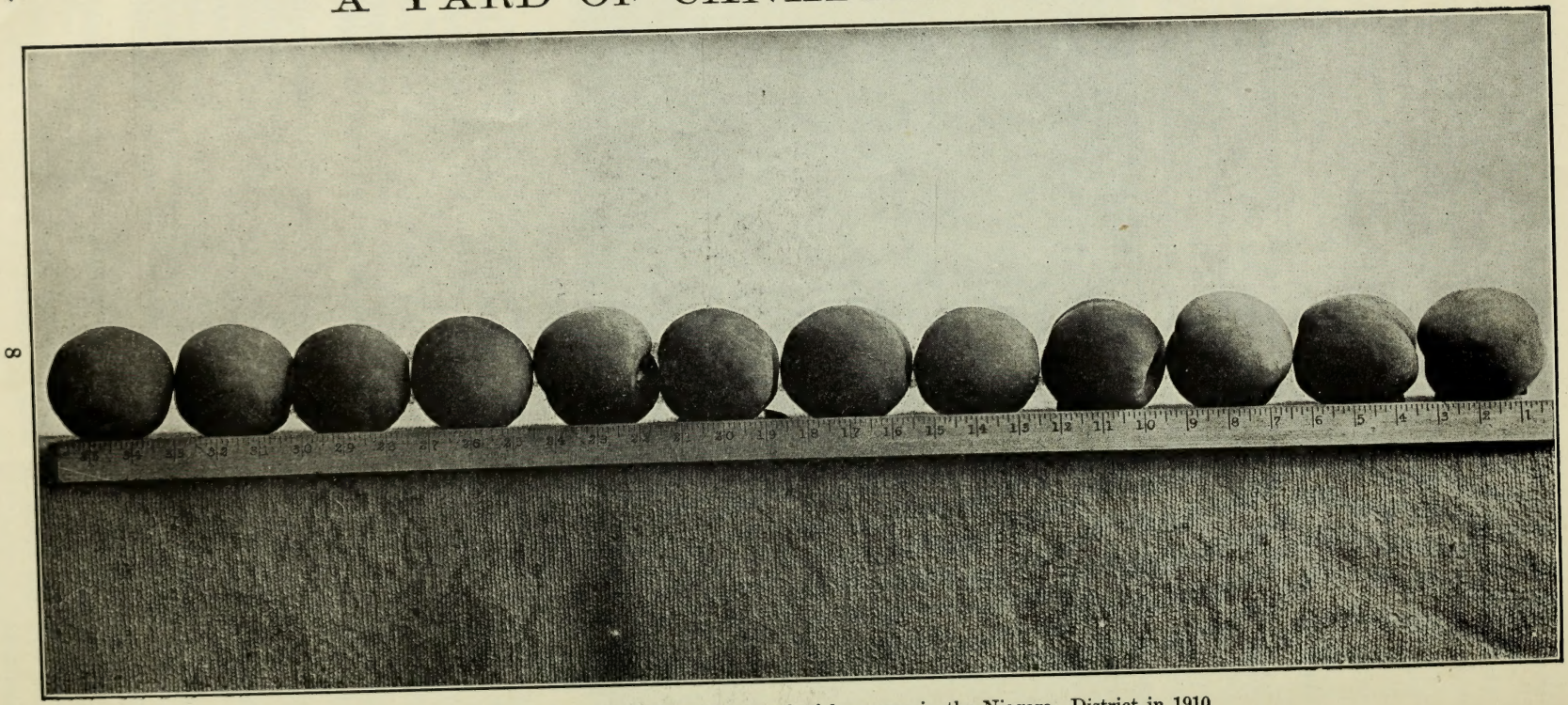
mental as any one could possibly wish,—especially the maple in its brilliant autumn dress of red and orange, the wild cherry and sumach in their deeper crimson, the birch and poplar in their pale and golden yellows. But even these are not enough to satisfy the varied tastes of the residents in this progressive district. Here the eye is captivated by the stately tropical-looking locust tree, or acacia, and rests with delight on the lovely fan leaves of the horse-chestnut or the bright red berries of the rowan.

Flowers.

The flowers, too! A whole avenue of roses; hydrangeas with their big bunches of blossom; cannas, carnations, dahlias, gladioli, aster, geraniums, and almost all the other garden favourites familiar to Old-country eyes. Along the way, too, long after the summer wild-flowers have passed, the handsome yellow golden-rod and the blue Michaelmas daisy keep even the roughest roadside patches adorned till winter has nearly come.

We do not meet so many carts and wagons as the stranger might expect. The reason for this is very simple. Just as the scythe and flail have been superseded by modern mowing and reaping machines, so the cart and horse are being superseded by mechanical means of propulsion.

A YARD OF CANADIAN PEACHES.



Showing twelve peaches lying alongside a yard-stick, grown in the Niagara District in 1910

This, indeed, is one explanation of the comparatively small care taken of Canadian roads. The country is so well served by railways that the roads are not so important as they used to be.

A Roadside Railway.

And nowhere has a railway been devised more successfully to suit the convenience of a neighbourhood than along this favoured belt between the "mountain" and the lake. With us, a railway is of course a necessity, but the trains only stop at fixed stations, which in country parts are often far between. In Ontario, the way by which we are travelling has a railway running along the roadside, with trains that stop and take on cargo at almost any point. A fruit-grower puts up a little wooden platform outside his own gate, piles up his baskets of fruit on it,—and then the train comes along, picks up the baskets and whisks them off to be delivered to customers hundreds and even thousands of miles away. No wonder that fruit farms, with facilities so extraordinary at their very gates, command high prices. One of these farms, 115 acres, was bought fifteen years ago for £1,900. The other day, £4,000 was offered for half the farm,—and the owner refused the offer!

At the village of Stony Creek we are suddenly transported in imagination back to the bad old times when the British and United States branches of our race were enemies instead of friends. A battle was fought here, in the fratricidal war of 1812 But it seems incongruous and absurd even to think about such grim events in such a happy scene of peace and plenty.

Is this a strawberry field we are passing? No, those are not strawberry plants, they are young grape-vines, many thousands of them. Here, now, is a full-grown vineyard, like a billowing sea of dark green foliage. Close by is a brand-new orchard of young peach trees, looking very young and small and insignificant,—but in a few years they will be like that other orchard on the next farm, where the trees are still small and yet the ground is dotted with red-gold windfalls, giving some idea of what the trees must have held before the crop was picked.

Vines and Peach Trees.

A fine Jersey cow strays along the road, and stops in the middle to see what extraordinary sort of animal our motor-car may be. She does not pay the penalty of her rashness, for we are just pulling up before a handsome brown-stone house. This, it appears, is the residence of an orchardman of the "got-to-get-on" type: a man who began by growing fruit, went on to buy and pack his neighbours' fruit to sell along with his own, started growing young trees for others who wanted to establish orchards, and gradually developed a big nursery business, besides a jam factory for surplus fruit. But I shall have something to say about this later on.

Along we went, with the motor-car's "elder brother," the electric railway train, whirring along beside us and dropping batches of empty baskets or picking up batches of full baskets at the miniature station platforms,—till the railway came to an end, and our appetites caused us to stop in the village of Beamsville.

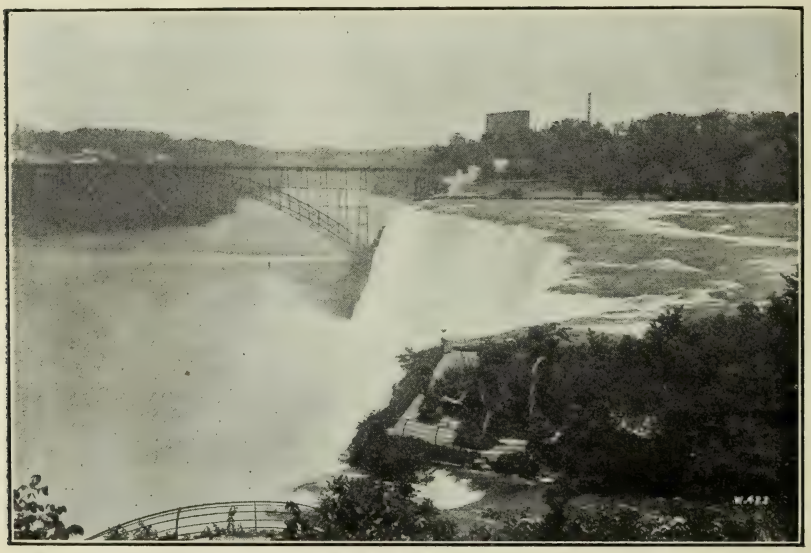
Is it irrelevant, is it a mere trifle, to add that we had a good dinner, winding up with sliced peaches and cream? By no means. I have known places—not in a desert, but in a land of smiling fertility—where the people did not know how to feed themselves rationaily, and therefore could not get half the benefit they might have got from the natural advantages round them. They could farm, and they could sell, but they could not cook.

Beyond the "jumping-off place," the terminus of that singularly convenient roadside railway, the country is served by railways of the

ordinary kind. The value of the land is on the whole equal to that of the land we have been motoring through, but its price is much less,—fortunately for those who want to buy.

THE GARDEN CITY.

Leaving Beamsville far behind, we arrive at St. Catharines, which rejoices in the title of "The Garden City." Now there are "garden cities" in England,—admirable places, planned so as to enable town communities to grow up with plenty of air to breathe and green trees and grass to see, and altogether to live in natural and healthy surroundings such as townsfolk are generally deprived of. These garden cities, however, are modern institutions. The Garden City of Canada is comparatively ancient,—though you would never think so, it is so clean, well-kept, roomy and comfortable.



Niagara Falls, one of the most popular tourist resorts in Canada.

A Romantic History.

The story of this Niagara district takes us back to some of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Canada as a white man's land. While the white population of Canada still consisted of a mere handful of Frenchmen far down the St. Lawrence River at Quebec, the bold explorer Lasalle made his way up to Lake Ontario on an expedition to discover an imaginary stream running across the continent to the Pacific Ocean. He could not find what did not exist, but he forced his way through many dangers to the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, which he descended in a boat to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. It was on that famous journey that he discovered the Falls of Niagara, and we still have in old books the first picture of that wonder of the world, drawn by one of Lasalle's companions, Father Hennepin.

For many, many years no attempt at settlement was made. The region was untrodden except by the savage Indians, the hardy fur-traders and missionaries who ventured among them, and the soldiers who garrisoned the forts planted here and there along the waterways to maintain the rule of the King of France over the wilderness. In 1759, however, the British Government, after helping the British colonists in the present United States to beat back the French who tried to prevent the colonies from expanding into the interior,

defeated also the French army holding Quebec in the St. Lawrence Valley, and Canada was added to the North American possessions of the British race.

Not a score of years passed before the British colonists, relieved by the Home Government's help from the pressure of French arms on their western and northern borders, rebelled against the same Government's demand for taxes, and not only set up an independent republic for themselves, but invaded the new British territory of Canada. The French-Canadians, however, had even less love for their English-speaking United States neighbours than they had for the English Government itself; so they refused to rise or assist the invaders, and the United States forces were beaten back.

And so it came about that when the war ended the one part of the North American continent to remain British was the part which had practically no British traditions or population. Both of these lacks were now made up. The stalwart British-American Loyalists, who had refused to help their neighbours against their King, suffered the penalty of defeat, and had to seek refuge beyond the borders of the new republic. They were welcomed by the authorities in Canada, and received grants of wild land in compensation for the homes and fields they had to abandon. Thousands of them settled beside the Atlantic coast, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but other thousands took up land in the thickly-wooded wilderness of Upper Canada, along the north shore of Lake Ontario and in the Niagara Peninsula between Lakes Ontario and Erie.

The First British Settlers.

It was at the little town of Niagara—then called Newark,—where the river flows into Lake Ontario, that the first government of Upper Canada was set up and its first laws made; and Niagara remained the seat of government till a new capital was established on the north side of the lake at York, now the city of Toronto. A writer who saw the little town of Niagara in its early days describes it as containing in 1795 about 70 houses, including "several very excellent dwellings inhabited by the principal officers of Government." "Most of the gentlemen in official stations in Upper Canada," he adds, "are Englishmen of education, a circumstance which must render the society of the Capital agreeable, let it be fixed where it will."

Niagara the Capital.

Before the new British settlements were out of their infancy, they had to undergo a baptism of fire. A second war broke out in 1812 between the Mother Country and her former colonies, now the United States. It was during that struggle, and in the very district where we are now visiting peach orchards and vineyards, that one of those heroic incidents occurred which illumine the dark history of a fratricidal war. One of the British militia-men, captured in a battle at Queenston Heights, lay wounded in the United States camp, where his wife got leave to nurse him. One day he overheard the invaders laying plans to surprise and overwhelm a little party of British and Indian troops. His wife, Laura Secord, determined to prevent this at any cost. Leaving the camp at three in the morning, as if she was going to get milk for her wounded husband, she threw down the pail as soon as she was out of sight, and made her way right through the pathless forest for 20 miles to the British position, where she warned the commander against the impending attack. When the United States troops arrived, nearly 700 strong, instead of taking the British by surprise they were themselves surprised. The British, by appearing first on one side in proper uniform, and then on another side with their coats turned inside out, and the Indians by gliding from tree to

A Woman's Heroism.

tree and whooping terrifically everywhere, made the invaders imagine that they were surrounded by an overwhelming force. Finally the British officer sent word to the opposing commander that as he did not want to see all the Americans scalped he would advise them to surrender. And surrender they did, 542 of them, to a force of less than half their own number.

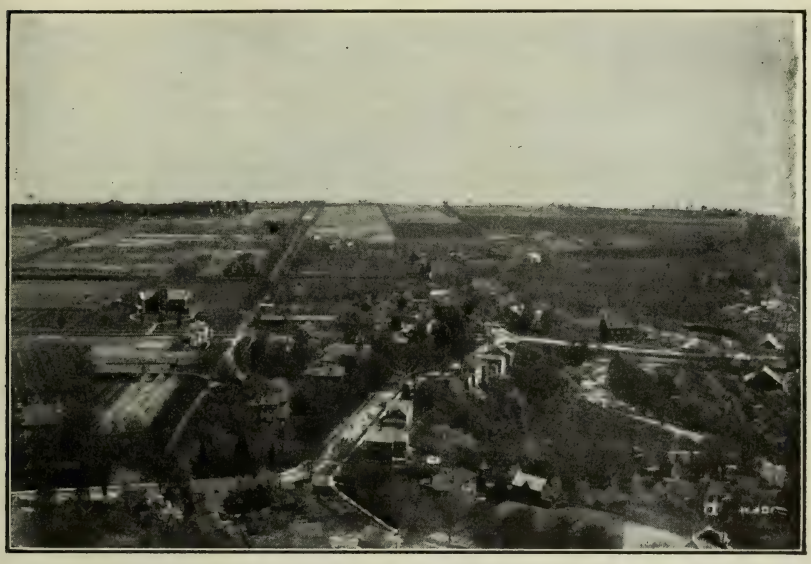
Monument in the Cemetery at Niagara Falls South. Erected to perpetuate the fame of Laura Secord.

Not many miles inland from the Falls, at a convenient stopping-place for farmers on their way to market their produce at Niagara or Queenston, a little inn was built in 1797; and gradually a village grew up which modestly took the innkeeper's name, as a wife takes the name of her husband, calling itself " Shipman's Corners." Early in the following century, an enterprising resident named Merritt put up a mill for grinding the settlers' grain and cutting up their logs. It was he who conceived the really brilliant idea of cutting a canal, with locks making it possible for ships to climb the ascent of 326 feet, from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie. This canal was opened in 1829,

The Great Canal.

and, having been greatly enlarged by the Canadian Government, now forms a part of a great water highway running up from the Atlantic Ocean through the River St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the head of Lake Superior, in the very heart of the continent.

Mr. Merritt's wife being named Catharine, Shipman's Corners changed its title to St. Catharines. Alike from its position as the chief town in the Garden of Canada, and from the beautiful gardens in which its houses stand, it has thoroughly earned the additional name of " The Garden City."



Grimsby from the Hill

The City of St. Catharines.

It is not a large place, having only about 13,000 inhabitants; and it has a fine, spacious " country in town " appearance along with the advantages which only an important centre of population enjoys. The people come together in all sorts of organizations. They have a great variety of churches; an unusual variety of educational establishments, including a Collegiate Institute and the " Ridley College," which is conducted somewhat on the lines of an English public school; a public free library; a hospital and an orphanage; plenty of shops and banks; a " Board of Trade " or Chamber of Commerce; and many hotels,—for St. Catharines is not only a place of business, and the centre of a rich agricultural district, but a health resort, possessing valuable mineral springs.

Of course it has its municipal water-works, its gas and electric light works. And it has what you would hardly expect if you judged only by its population statistics,—a number of mills and factories, and electric tramways or light railways radiating out into the country around. At no great distance, and closely connected with the city, stand the town of Thorold, the village of Merritton, and Port Dalhousie down on Lake Ontario. The four places form what is practically one community; and as industrial centres they have the peculiar advantage of unfailing water-power derived from Lake Erie through the Welland Canal.

This is not a guide book, and I must not be led into an attempt to catalogue all the towns and villages of the district, with their particular features of interest. Let us get out of town, even out of this " Garden City " of St. Catharines, into the Garden Country surrounding it.

"Talk about gold mines!" exclaimed a Niagara enthusiast. "A gold mine is nothing to a peach orchard."

I ventured to reprove him for exaggeration, though I am afraid the reproof was not very vigorous, as I remembered the man who had refused £4,000 for his 57 acres. Still, it was my duty to draw him back to the path of strict accuracy, and I did it. He was not in the least abashed, but went on arguing, and I am bound to say that he "kept his end up" very well.

Better than Gold.

In the early days of British Columbia, I believe, three men found a spot in an old river bed where they picked up nuggets at the rate of £200 a square foot. One of those men died a pauper; another, his greed stimulated rather than whetted by his suddenly acquired wealth, died of starvation in the woods while feverishly hunting for more gold; and the third possibly met the same fate, as he disappeared utterly. Besides, of all the thousands who are intoxicated by the glittering tales of El Dorados and Golcondas and rush out into the wilderness in search of gold, the vast majority find either nothing at all or so little that after deducting expenses they are far worse off than if they had stuck to some commonplace occupation, such as breaking stones or mending shoes.

Apart from the desperate uncertainty of the gold-seeker's feverish trade, what he finds (when he does find) is a dead metal. A peach orchard is a scene of life: quiet life, if you will, but life nevertheless. I can heartily appreciate the enthusiasm of the peach-grower. If a man is not quite devoid of imagination, he feels toward his orchard something akin to the feelings of a parent bringing up a family. He cultivates the ground, sees that the young trees get plenty of air and sunshine and plenty of nourishment for their roots, and protects them against disease and doctors them if attacked, with the goal of a bountiful fruit crop always before him.

The Queen of Fruits.

It is most exhilarating just to wander about in one of these orchards. You cannot exactly hear the trees growing and the fruit swelling; but hearing is the only one of the five senses that a peach does not appeal to. To the eye, it is a thing of perfect beauty; to the taste, an exquisite dainty; to the touch it is more caressing than velvet; and its scent rivals the most delicate of perfumes.

As we walk together through one of these famous orchards between Hamilton and St. Catharines, the owner speaks of his trees as if they were his children; he seems to know every one of them, as he describes their varying characters. For they do vary considerably. Some peaches are whitish in flesh, others a rich yellow. Some are moderate in size and colour but particularly sweet; others are large and more showy, though not so rich in flavour; and others again unite a magnificent appearance with a juiciness and a taste that can hardly be excelled. Some keep better than others. Some ripen early; some are comparatively late.

As you pick the fruit from the trees and eat your fill—which the owner smilingly encourages you to do, as if his glorious peaches were of no more account than blackberries on a hedge—you feel that you could not enjoy a royal banquet half so much. But however generous our host may be, we must not forget that after all he is not growing peaches for fun but for a livelihood. Let us ask him to put aside sentiment for a time and "talk business."

"Yes," he says, "peach growing is certainly profitable; and the best of it is that it is fairly certain, year after year. We do experience

ups and downs, a light crop following a heavy one; but it generally comes from our not taking the trouble to thin out the heavy crop. If a tree bears too much one year, it wants a rest, and takes it easy the next year. And it is a good thing to thin them out in the fruit for another reason. If you let too many peaches grow close together, there's only a certain amount of nourishment to be shared between them, and none of them get enough. I confess I hesitate to pick off good growing fruit and throw it away, but it is worth while, and I make myself do it—sometimes—for I know that the one I leave will be a big beauty, and big beauties fetch a high price. We have a saying that

Give the Fruit a Chance.

Orchard in full bloom—the experience of driving through a fruit district when the trees are in bloom is one long to be remembered.

an orchardman should begin by picking off all he thinks he ought, and then let him go fishing for a day or two. When he comes back, let him pick off half the peaches that he had left on. To tell the truth, I'm rather a sinner about this, because I've got such a big acreage under peaches now that I don't seem to have the time to thin them out as I ought."

"Even if we don't specialize and make a point of only sending out the best fruit, you see there's plenty of money in peaches if they're anyways good. Every tree brings me in a guinea a year."

"Markets? Why, there's an unlimited market for all we can grow."

Unlimited is a big word; but after making considerable inquiry in many quarters, I must say that I do not think he exaggerated. We shall see further on how he disposes of his fruit. Meanwhile, let him tell us a little more about his work in raising it.

The trees are planted—in a moist but well-drained warm sandy loam if possible—from 15 to 18 or even 20 feet apart, the tendency being now to adopt the greater distances, even though this means a smaller number of trees (about 100) per acre, in order to give more nourishment for the roots of each tree and more sunlight for the fruit. While the trees are young and small, potatoes and tomatoes are very commonly raised in the intervening space. "I don't think it really pays, however," says one of my fruit-growing friends. "I start cultivating the orchards

Cultivation.

early in spring, and keep the plough and harrows pretty busy, using plenty of fertilizer nearly every year. Early in August I like to put in a cover crop, clover or hairy vetch, as it checks the growth of the tree and enables the wood to ripen, besides holding the snow as a protection from frost."

The Peach Tree's Life-time.

The life of a peach tree is about fifteen years; but I know of orchards twenty years old and still producing vigorously. It is thought likely that with the increase of knowledge and experience the average life of the trees will be greatly prolonged. Meanwhile, the comparatively short term of their existence does not seem to trouble their owners. A man will generally have orchards of varying ages on his farm; as the old trees show signs of decrepitude the middle-aged ones are yielding their biggest crops, and the young ones are beginning to be profitable; and when the veterans have

Winona from the Hill.

ended their career, they are cleared away and baby trees planted in their place.

You may find a four-year-old orchard already bearing heavily, and the owner will tell you that even if it does not keep its full vigour for more than twelve years he will have got eight good crops from it, which he considers very satisfactory.

A Certainty.

"Peach-growing here," he adds emphatically, "is a certainty; not a gamble as it is in some places." I will not mention the particular places he named, as he would speak rather more respectfully of their capacity if he knew them as well as I do. But his testimony to the district that he does know is worth having.

The weather is not regulated by clockwork even in Canada, and an untimely frost or excess of rain occasionally damages the crop, though the real winter weather has no affect on it. Sometimes, too, the fruit is affected by a complaint known as "the yellows," for which experts have not yet found a cure. I believe there has not been a real failure of the peach crop for twenty years.

Scores of different varieties of peach figure in the nurserymen's

catalogues, and they ripen at various times, from early in August till late in September. In practice, however, comparatively few varieties are grown to a great extent. Among the prime favourites are the Early Crawford, a golden fruit that ripens about the beginning of September; the Elberta, following at an interval of a week or so, and not only a grand fruit when picked but one that keeps its quality long enough to be sent great distances to market; the creamy-tinted Champion, one of the best dessert fruits, but not such a good keeper; and the yellow St. John, earliest of the high-class peaches, as it ripens before the Crawford. Another magnificent peach, well-named the Millionaire, is a foundling of unknown but doubtless aristocratic ancestry, for its pedigree can only be traced to a seedling discovered in a St. Catharines kitchen garden. The Longhurst is a poor-looking member of this rich tribe, but it kindly refrains from ripening till its showier brethren have been picked, and as it is very productive it is popular for canning. Appearances do not count for much, inside a tin!

Varieties.

Niagaras, one of the many varieties of grape which yield well in the Niagara Peninsula.

From the open peach orchard, with the great globes of sweetness hanging over and around us and begging to be picked and eaten, we plunge into the vineyard, as if into a sea of thick green foliage. Walking along between the long straight rows of vines, we notice that their branches, of which only a few are allowed to grow, are carefully trained to twine along the wire strands of a tall fence or trellis, and from every strand hang great bunches of fruit which excels even the peaches in beauty. The bloom on a grape is one of those delicate delights of the eye that we are rarely privileged to see, for it cannot survive the touch of a hand or a basket, and only exists in perfection as long as the fruit is hanging on its native stem.

In a Vineyard.

Delicacy of health, however, is happily not a characteristic of the vines themselves, which flourish in the good soil of the Niagara vineyards, and vigorously bring forth heavy crops of magnificent grapes under the strong encouragement of the Canadian sun. This is really one of the crops most certain to reward the cultivator. "Grapes," an expert says, "are the most reliable of all, and every man here should have five or ten acres of them. For one thing, they don't have

to be picked just as soon as ever they are ripe; and an acre will bear four tons of fruit."

A Native Fruit.

As wild grapes were among the many surprises encountered by the first explorers who landed on Canadian soil, it is natural enough that we should find, as we do, cultivated varieties flourishing in less favoured districts than the Niagara Peninsula. But it is here, as we should expect, that the finer varieties are cultivated with the greatest success.

Varieties.

In character they differ widely. The older kinds had a "foxiness" of flavour which certainly did not commend them to the palates of people used to the European species. Some of the varieties still popular in Canada retain more or less of this peculiarity, but others are free from it. Many fine Canadian grapes have another characteristic that would not be popular in the Old Country,—what we should call an excessive firmness of the internal pulp, from which it is not very easy to ex-

A section of Hamilton market-place, where the display of fruit and vegetables is probably unequalled. Here the frugal housewife is able at a very moderate cost to secure the products of the surrounding district.

tract the seeds. This does not seem to be felt as a drawback by the people chiefly concerned,—the people who buy and eat the fruit in Canada itself. "How do we get the seeds out of the pulp?" said a friend of mine, echoing my question. "We don't want to. We swallow the pulp, seeds and all." And that seems to express the general opinion.

There is enough free juice in many of these grapes, however, to make them very fine eating, even to a fastidious eater; and some of them are exceedingly sweet; while certain more acid varieties are grown for wine-making.

The Concord is the leading representative of the "foxy" type, and is still, perhaps, more grown than any other, for it is exceptionally robust. Some of its descendants, however, are a decided improvement on their ancestor. The Delaware is a dessert grape of high quality that often fetches twice the price of the Concord, and under careful cultivation it yields quantity as well as quality. The Moore, orignally derived from the Concord, is both good and early, and is one of the best of the black grapes; a class in which the Worden, with a similar pedigree, also takes a high place.

It is not "for the fun of the thing," as I have said, that the Niagara man spends his days in growing fruit, but to make his living; though certainly there are plenty of men who might be making their living in other ways but have taken to fruit-growing because of its intrinsic attractiveness and healthfulness.

Let us see, then, where and how they sell their crop.

To begin with, among their best customers are the near neighbours. A prophet may be without honour in his own country, but you cannot say the same of a peach.

"But if the people find it so easy to grow peaches," says a friend, "they won't want to buy other people's." He was probably thinking of the community jocularly described as so isolated and self-sufficient that "the people all live by taking in each other's washing."

Peaches, pears, plums and tomatoes en route to the markets.

A Big Demand Close by.

Let us try to realize then what Ontario is, and what sort of communities live within its borders. To begin with, it is a large Province, containing a population of (1911) 2,523,274, nearly all living in the southern districts bordering on the Great Lakes and the River St. Lawrence. Next, it contains a larger non-agricultural population than any other Province, concentrated in manufacturing towns which are chiefly found in the southwestern section,—that is, the section containing also the peach-growing Niagara Peninsula.

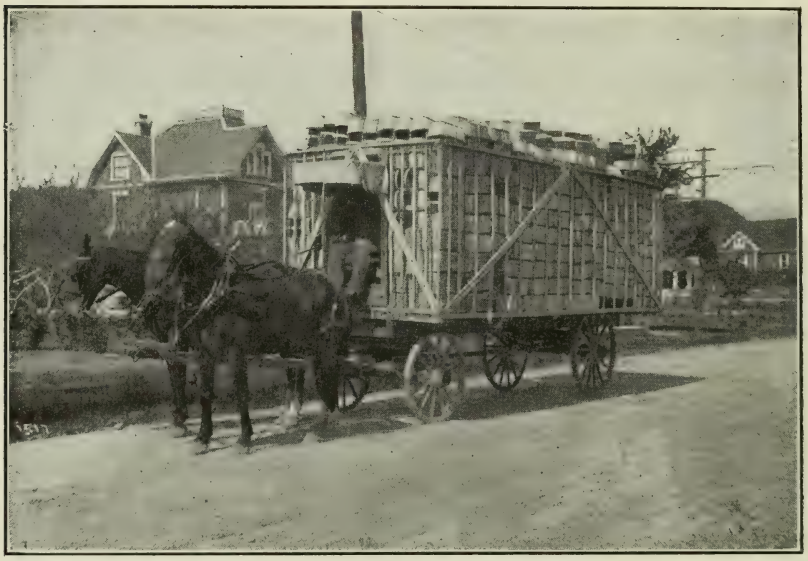
These industrial communities are dotted most thickly over the map in the region most easily accessible from the Niagara Peninsula; and as the water-power of Niagara Falls is now transformed into electrical energy and distributed at a very low cost to the various manufacturing towns by great cable lines, the region seems bound to become one of the most important manufacturing districts in the world.

In 1911, when the last census was taken, about 238,000 people in Ontario were engaged in manufacturing industries, and making a living for at least 1,200,000 out of a total population of 2,523,274 in the province dependent for their daily food on what the farmers sell them; and next census will certainly continue to show a large

increase upon these figures, for the growth of manufactures in Ontario is phenomenal.

The Distant Markets.

The tables and kitchens of his near neighbours, however, form only one of the destinations of the Niagara orchard-man's fruit. He supplies the great city of Montreal,—the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, with a population of (1911) 470,480,—and minor centres in the same Province of Quebec. Going still further afield, he finds customers away in the eastern end of the Dominion, in the Maritime Provinces, and away also in Winnipeg and other towns and cities on the prairies of Western Canada. Many car-loads of peaches, grapes, strawberries and tomatoes arrive at these distant points every year, and arrive in first-rate condition.



A load of fruit baskets on the way to the orchards.

If he was growing apples, he would have to compete with many other districts in his own and other provinces, especially the belt of fine orchard country along the north shore of Lake Ontario and the famous Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia. But no section of Canada, east of the Rocky Mountains, can attempt to compete with him in the matter of peaches or the finer grapes. Like a wise man, therefore, he is leaving apples, and devoting himself more and more to raising the peaches and grapes, of which he has a practical monopoly; though, as we shall see, he is cultivating a certain number of other fruits, such as pears and plums and cherries and strawberries.

Finally, he finds a profitable use for all that part of his crop which is not good enough for the table, by selling it to the canneries and jam and wine factories at his doors.

Methods of Sale.

In the neighbouring cities he gets $1 (4s. 2d.) for a 15-pound basket of No. 1 or first-class peaches. Most of his crop, however, he sends to commission houses, and contents himself with the wholesale price of 60 or 70 cents (2s. 6d. or 2s. 11d.), sometimes less, from which he has to deduct 10 per cent commission, 4 cents (2d.) for freight, and another 4 cents for the basket. For the second quality peaches the price would be about 40 cents (1s. 8d.). Many peach-growers, however, sell to buyers on the spot, some of whom do business on a large scale and can afford to pay at any rate such prices as the growers will accept. Sometimes the grower considers that he will make more by shipping on his own

account, sometimes by selling to his trading neighbour for shipment. One of these traders I found paying the farmer 60 cents (2s. 6d.) per basket for No. 1 peaches. Even for canning purposes I found farmers getting 45 cents (1s. 10½d.) per basket, and 30 to 35 cents (1s. 3d. to 1s. 5½d.) for second quality. A few years ago, when the crop was light, they were getting double that figure.

A vineyard owner may sell his whole crop to a local buyer at the rate of 12 cents (6d.) for 7 pounds, in a basket for which the grower has paid 3 cents (1½d.). But another man, taking the chances of the market, may be getting 15 or 20 cents (7½ or 10d.) a basket, or even 25 cents (1s. ½d.) for certain varieties.

As usual in all countries, the grower who sends his fruit for sale by commission is not satisfied that he gets full share of the price; and even if he sells to a trading neighbour he knows of course that he loses the middleman's profits.

Co-operation.

If growers want to get the whole profit of their business they have the remedy in their own hands. They can co-operate; they can combine. Like their agricultural brethren in the Old Country, the Canadian farmers are very independent; and that is a praiseworthy quality, but, like other good things, there may be too much of it. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that many of the enterprising orchardmen of the Niagara district not only see the disadvantages of isolated dealing, but have already adopted the obvious remedy.

To take a notable example,—a "Cold Storage and Forwarding Company," which has its headquarters in St. Catharines, is a co-operative society in which the shares are held by the fruit-growers themselves. To begin with, it buys at wholesale rates whatever articles the orchardmen want to use, such as baskets, and coal, and drain tiles, and fertilizers, and the spraying materials which are used to keep down the insect pests. On the price of coal, this society saves its members 50 cents (2s. 1d.) a ton. Then the society takes over the fruit raised by its members,—or by outsiders, though these of course do not gain quite so much,—packs it, and ships it in car-loads at the lowest possible freight to whatever market offers the best price at the time.

Far West and Far East.

The society has built up a large business in the far west, sending quantities of fruit to Winnipeg, and even to the distant Province of Alberta. The results are most satisfactory. The fruit, carefully packed and carried in an atmosphere of exactly the right temperature, arrives at the end of its long journey—four and a half or five and a half days—in good condition, and fetches capital prices in a prairie country which produces very little fruit of its own.

This Western trade, of course, is no monopoly of any society. One of the biggest private fruit-trading houses in the Niagara Peninsula has been sending from 30 to 100 carloads of fruit annually for a dozen years to the towns and villages of the Prairie Provinces, as well as disposing of about 50 carloads (ten-ton cars) in the provinces on the Atlantic coast,—the consignments consisting chiefly of grapes, peaches, plums and pears. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that thousands of barrels of apples have found a good market in New Brunswick, close to the apple district of Nova Scotia.

Niagara Peaches in England.

Canadians themselves have the good taste to eat so much fruit that—excepting apples—the export trade is not of first importance to the orchardmen. Still, it is worth noticing that Niagara peaches have been landed in England in prime condition and sold at prices yielding a big profit to the grower. Two boxes, containing 63 peaches, were sold in London at an average wholesale price of

Damson Plum, one of the most prolific bearers which finds a ready market.

nearly 5d. a peach, net, after deducting commission. Peaches of about the same size were being sold at a shilling each in London at that time. It is quite evident that if peach-growing develops faster than the demand in Canada, any surplus, if of high quality and shipped under proper conditions, can be disposed of in the greatest market of the world with much advantage both to the Canadian grower and the Old Country consumer.

Meanwhile, the population of western Canada is increasing so fast, and the people are so prosperous, that we may look forward to a vast increase in the consumption of fruit in that region, and a consequent increase in the amount grown in Ontario.

" Peaches first, grapes second, and the rest nowhere." You might imagine that that sentence summed up the whole situation, after listening to a good deal of the conversation among the Niagara orchardmen. But that impression would not be quite correct.

I have explained what seems a more than sufficient reason why these orchardmen's energies should be devoted chiefly to peaches and

grapes,—simply because they can be grown there better than anywhere else in the country. But the same climatic reason gives the Niagara men an advantatge also in growing other more or less tender fruit.

Pears. There is the pear, for instance. This fruit, though at its best hardly less luscious than the peach, is not a great favourite with the orchardmen, partly because the trees are subject to a blight which science has not yet learnt to control, and partly because the price of the crop varies so much. There is not such a very large demand for pears in Canada, except perhaps for the Bartlett,—what we call the Williams in England,—which is brought in in great quantities from the United States; and when pears are so plentiful as to be a drug in the market, the owner gets only a cent or a cent and a quarter per pound. Now, however, the canning factories are paying two cents or more. "I am now getting," says one of my friends, "75 to 90 cents (3s. 1½d. to 3s. 9d.), less 10 per cent commission and freight, for every 16-pound basket I send to Toronto." As the Bartlett is not only the best seller, but suffers less than most other good varieties from blight, it is not surprising that a good many acres of it have been planted in recent years.

Cherries. Cherries, too, are being more and more planted, especially the sour kind for cooking and preserving, as the sweet varieties are more subject to rot in the fruit just as it is ripening. I found farmers gettng from 65 cents (2s. 8½d.) to 90 cents (3s. 10d.) per basket of 11 quarts for the sour kind, and from $1 to $1.25 (4s. 2d. to 5s. 2½d.) for sweet black cherries.

Plums. The plum in its wild state is a native of Canada, and a very hardy native, too, being found flourishing even in Manitoba. The cultivated varieties, on the other hand, can only be grown with success in a much more limited area, and as prices have been subject to violent fluctuations there is not much tendency to plant new plum orchards. At the same time, large quantities are raised, and there is a considerable demand for them at the canning factories; and even when prices were low, growers have received 25 cents (1s. ½d.) net per basket of six quarts sent to Winnipeg.

Berries. The strawberry is what a Canadian fruit-grower calls "an attractive proposition." If it can be got on the market early enough it is an extremely profitable crop. Last year a grower of my acquaintance sent to Toronto 80 crates, each containing 24 boxes,—a box containing about four-fifths of an Imperial quart,—and disposed of them at from 15 to 17 cents (7½d. to 8½d.) a box. But the year before the crop was not early enough to make anything like that price. When the season is well on, the grower is not likely to get more than 4 cents (2d.) a box, as by that time strawberries of quite a good quality are pouring in from many other parts of Canada, where the spring is not so early. The early strawberries have the advantage of coming before the cherries are ready to pick. When strawberries and cherries are both over, the raspberry comes in, and considerable quantities are now raised. Last year the growers were getting 15 cents (7½d.) a box for raspberries, and this was less than the previous year's prices,—the canning factories paying about 10 cents (5d.) a box under contracts made in the winter.

"Canned" Fruit. The typical Canadian housewife takes a great and pardonable pride in the excellence and variety of her canned fruits, preserves, and pickles, of which she makes every year enough to last until fresh fruit arrives in the following summer.

When she uses the word " canned " she does not mean " tinned." All her fruit is put up in glass. The word " canned " has come to be used to indicate a certain method of preserving, distinct from the method used for preserves, for she uses only glass jars. A Cabinet Minister from England, visiting a Canadian farm not long ago, complimented his hostess on the extraordinary deliciousness of her preserves. The gratified lady responded, incautiously,—" I am very glad you like my canned fruit, Mr.———." " Oh," said he in dismay, " are they canned? " And not another taste would he take.

The Canneries.

The prejudice against food in tins does not exist,—or, if it exists, it is not allowed to affect the appetites of the people,—among Canadians; and a simply amazing quantity of fruit is annually put into tins at the innumerable canneries, especially in the orchard districts of Ontario, not only for use in all parts of Canada itself, but for shipment to Europe and many other parts of the world.

Red Clover in an Orchard, to be ploughed under.

In the Niagara Peninsula you will find big establishments where apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, berries and tomatoes are being packed by ingenious machinery into the round brightly-labelled tins we all know so well; where much of the poorer quality fruit is being made into jam; and where other departments are producing tomato catsup, vinegar, and a cider which is boiled down into jelly. It is a curious fact, by the way, that one of these establishments, which four or five years ago was selling raspberry pulp to the English jam-makers, is now buying English raspberry and strawberry pulp for its own jam-making operations.

Wine and Grape-juice.

The continental wine districts have nothing to fear, I imagine, from the rivalry of the Niagara vineyards; but, as a matter of fact, a considerable amount of wine, and also of unfermented grape-juice, is being made in that corner of Ontario. These wine factories pay the growers from $20 to $30 (from about £4 to £6) a ton for their grapes, of which one factory alone crushes from 500 to 700 tons a year. The demand for grape-juice, a most delicious and wholesome beverage when well made, is likely to become very large.

Apples.

I have mentioned apples as being canned in this district, though I have also spoken of apple-growing as comparatively neglected there,—peach land being too valuable to be used in producing comparatively cheap fruit. But it will be remembered that the peach orchards occupy only the lower levels of the Peninsula. If you climb the slope or "mountain" leading to the higher level of Lake Erie, you find a certain area where peaches grow almost as well—wherever the soil is suitable—as on the lower level beside Lake Ontario; and one of the finest nursery gardens is to be found up there. Over a great part of the height of land between the lakes, however, the combination of climate and soil is not quite so favourable, and the cautious farmer, if he grows fruit at all, is more inclined to stick to the hardy apple.

This upper plateau, absurdly described as "on the mountain," has not had anything like justice done to it. It is devoted to mixed farming, which there means largely the raising of grain and hay. Even the dairying industry has not been developed as it might be, though a good deal of farmhouse butter finds it way down into Hamilton. Presently people will discover that the "mountain" farms, with their excellent soil and climate, and nearness to big markets, are capable of a rich and varied productiveness now undreamt of.

Market Gardens.

The Canadians, even well-to-do folk in the great cities, used to be content with whatever vegetables were "in season" when grown in the open air. When winter closed in, they had to put up with potatoes and such other vegetables as would keep, or else canned goods.

The Dominion has now reached that stage of development at which a large number of citizens can afford, and demand, vegetables raised under glass. Instead of accommodating themselves to the season, they insist on the season being artificially prolonged to accommodate itself to human requirements.

Vegetables under Glass.

It is naturally in the districts closest to the large cities that market gardening has been most developed in order to supply this demand. In the Niagara section, the energies of horticulturists have been devoted to fruit growing almost exclusively. Still, an increasing area is being put under glass, chiefly for the production of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers. The market gardeners make a very good living, and there is room for a considerable increase in their number, as there are no signs of any danger of over-supply.

As for flowers, they are increasingly in demand in the cities, and large glass-houses are devoted to rose growing near Toronto. Even across the lake in the Niagara district, flower-houses are now used for the production of carnations and potted plants. And in this connection it may be mentioned that the nurserymen find a growing demand for ornamental trees.

WHAT IMMIGRANTS HAVE DONE.

The electric tram has been well called the poor man's motor-car. There are so few really poor people in the prosperous city and neighbourhood of St. Catharines that the name seems out of place over there; but it is a favourite recreation,—"of the people," let us say,—to go for rides in the hot weather on the electric railway running out of the city in various directions.

Let us take one of the most pleasant of these excursions, down to Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, at the outlet of the Welland Canal.

Down to the Lake.

The canal itself resembles a river, and is by no means the least interesting feature of the landscape. What strikes the traveller most, however, is not so much the natural scenery, which for the most part is mild in its type of beauty, as the human interest of the surroundings. They used to have a human interest of a rather wild sort, in the old Indian days, but now "the Indians are all down under the road,"—except in the fruit-picking season, when the civilized descendants of the once dreaded tribesmen come in from their distant villages to help in the gathering of the crops.

It is the white men, our own kith and kin, who have covered the country with the wide-stretching leafy vineyards we are now passing. Those vineyards, with newly planted peach orchards, are interspersed

A fruit grower's residence in the fruit belt.

with fields of modest potatoes and beets, and the graceful towering maize, and tomatoes in all their scarlet glory. Comfortable little cottages, with significant little baby-carts waiting at their doors, and here and there a more pretentious house with its well kept lawn, stand serenely among their maple trees or behind little fences of young pine hedges.

Port Dalhousie.

We have hardly got out of the suburbs of St. Catharines before the cottages again grow thick, and we run down the final slope, with a refreshing sea breeze blowing up into our faces, to find ourselves at the terminus of the line on the lake shore. It is a quiet little place, this Port Dalhousie, but a place of some importance nevertheless; and as we stand looking out on the inland sea we hear the thump-thump-thump of an engine,—a steamer, having come through the last lock, is passing out into the lake on her way from some port above the falls to a destination far away down the St. Lawrence.

Rubbers.

Near the mouth of the canal a big rubber factory has been erected. "Rubbers," or goloshes as we call them, are always worn by Canadians in winter, partly for warmth and partly to avoid slipping on the beaten snow. The

rubber industry is therefore an important one. The situation of this factory is ideal, with pleasant country surroundings, and such abundant water-power from the canal that the company is able to supply not only itself but its neighbours with electric light. The company has also, by the way, built cottages which its employees rent at $8 (about 33s.) a month. Think of the difference between the life of work-people crowded in a great city and at what might be called a seaside resort in one of the finest orchard countries in the world.

Englishmen's Homes.

Just before it flows into Lake Ontario the canal spreads out to form a little lake of its own; and perched high up on the edge of the bank I noticed a charming house half hidden among beautiful trees. Living in this ideal situation I found a young Englishman, whose experience will not be without interest to my readers. He was drawn to Canada first by hearing of the marvels of the West, and took

A Dairy Herd.

up land on the borders of Saskatchewan and Alberta. After a while he concluded that, whatever advantages the prairie might possess, it did not appeal to him so much as the older parts of Canada, where conditions were more like what he had been accustomed to at home. His time in the West was not wasted, for it was there he learned to plough and handle a team. Coming to the Niagara Peninsula, he increased his experience by spending six weeks on a fruit farm, then started an orchard on his own account, and has already made a success of it.

Bits of England.

I could tell of many cases resembling this, with variations. I do not know whether these men expect to make fortunes; but I do know this, that to see a cultivated young Englishman and his family living a life of this kind, with plenty of good hard work that is pleasant as it is useful, and at the same time plenty of opportunities for recreation, made me think with regret of the many young men I know in England who are either wasting their lives in useless occupations or toiling away with practically no prospect of independence in the future. The family circles to which I was admitted made me realize that bits of England have been transplanted across the sea, preserving the best traditions and even the little home customs of the Motherland, and yet not isolated from the life of the New Dominion.

Insularity Absurd.

There are Englishmen, of course, whose devotion to the land of their birth is exaggerated to a ridiculous degree; who nurse their affection for the old home so jealously that they do not allow affection for the new home a chance to grow; who actually seem to pride themselves on refusing to learn the ways of the country where they earn their living, even though that is just as much a part of the British Empire as this is. Such Englishmen not only retard their own progress, but, by their absurd attitude of aloofness from their neighbours and contempt for their surroundings, naturally make themselves disliked.

An orchard which has been in bearing for some years.

Variety Good.

Each part of the Empire has something to learn from the others. Neither England nor Canada is perfect. The Englishman can teach the Canadian a good deal in the art of living, if he is modest enough to see and willing to learn what the Canadian can teach the Englishman. And, as variety is a law of nature and the spice of life, there is no good reason why Englishmen should not preserve many an old world custom which does not conflict with the necessities of the new.

Some of the Englishmen who have started fruit-growing in Ontario have done so not because they had any particular taste or capacity for it, but because they were failures elsewhere and because they (or their friends) thought this an easy thing to do.

Failures.

They begin their new career by being sorry for themselves, because they have to exert themselves at all. Their hearts are not in their work, and consequently it bores them. They do not give it the thorough attention that every business nowadays demands, and therefore it does not succeed, or only half succeeds. "They make a mess of things," as their neighbours expressively put it. A great change, however, is now in progress. The backboneless and spoilt young Englishman is not so common in Canada as he used to be. A better type of man is going over, and is wiping out the

and Successes.

reproach that the remittance-man and the unemployable brought upon their nation.

"I never saw a man get the hang of things quicker," a Niagara orchardman said to me, describing a young Englishman who had settled in his neighbourhood. "He goes right after things, and gets to the bottom of them."

"There are very few Englishmen, indeed, who are not doing well here," said another fruit-grower.

Success comes even to men who have known nothing whatever of fruit-growing, or any other form of agriculture, before they left England. For example, here is a man who went out and took up land without any experience of how to work it. It was a great risk, a risk that no one ought to take. He hired a man to work the place under him; "but," he humorously admits, "I was the hired man and he was the boss,"—which was not unnatural. Fortunately he had eyes, and also sense. He not only learned from his "hired man," but "poked around" among other growers, saw how they did things, and benefited by their advice. Now he has over 30 acres under fruit, and is fairly on the highroad to complete success.

Capital

A good many of the old-countrymen in this district have come out with capital in their possession. This is a great advantage—if they have also the more valuable possessions of intelligence, energy, and the combination of enterprise and caution; otherwise, unearned money is simply a curse, and its only advantage is that it soon takes wings.

and Character.

Here is a young English townsman who went out with no money and no experience, but had the more valuable endowment of character,—by which I mean not only morals, which are the first requisite, but also the qualities I have just described. He hired himself out, worked in other men's orchards for four years, and then bought a ten-acre lot—the price being £400—without being able to pay more than a fraction of the amount. He planted four acres of peaches, which bring in about £200 a year net; an acre of vines, from which in a poor year he gets £16; and three-quarters of an acre of raspberries, yielding as much as £40 or £50. Not only does he make a living, but he has been able to pay three-fourths of the purchase price of his farm; and he has obtained the priceless gift of health, which he could not get in the English city from which he came.

A fellow-countryman of his, who took up land at the same time, admits that he has not done so well, though well enough. "I had resources which he had not," he says, "but he had been compelled to get experience, which I had not. I have nearly 20 acres of land,—and lots of men are making a good thing out of half that area,—and I owe £300 on mortgage at 6 per cent. I shall clear that off in a year or two, when my trees are in full bearing; but in the meantime I find it more profitable to spend what money I can on increasing and under-draining and fertilizing my orchard, rather than hurry about paying off the mortgage."

This man believes in variety. In addition to peaches, which are his chief crop, he has an acre of cherries, and over an acre of plums. For the rest, he generally has an acre of strawberries,—from which, in a poor year, he cleared £19 after paying for freight, commission, packages, and picking; a couple of acres of tomatoes, for which he gets a little over a shilling a bushel at the canning factory; and half an acre of asparagus, of which the earliest produce fetches 10d. a pound in Toronto, while 5d. a pound is given later on by the canners. From half an acre of blackberries he cleared £12. Raspberries, have, perhaps, been his most profitable crop for the last few years, bringing in from £100 to £120 an acre, gross.

The Lad from the Land.

Both these men, having been brought up in towns, had to get all their agricultural experience after landing in Canada. The man who has lived and worked on the land in the Old Country has, of course, a great advantage, even if he has little money, when he goes on the land in the Dominion. I think of such a case at the moment,—a poor lad, but a good gardener, who went out from England, put in a few years working for a leading fruit-grower, and now has seven acres of his own under peaches and grapes and vegetables.

The Sort of Men Wanted.

That is the sort of emigrant the Dominion wants most,—the man who knows how to cultivate the ground. If he has capital, so much the better; but if he has knowledge, that is best of all. The Canadian Government refuses to encourage the immigration of people seeking work in the towns, but does encourage those who are going to work in the country. The rule is that any immigrant

Oil Wells in Western Ontario.

arriving at a Canadian port must have £5 in his possession (or £10 if arriving between October 31 and April 1), over and above the railway fare or ticket to his destination inland. But a special exemption from this rule is granted to an immigrant who is going to some definite situation on a farm.

The folly of an Englishman, when he goes to live in another part of the Empire, shrinking from free intercourse with his new neighbours, must be perfectly evident. But such free intercourse is quite consistent with specially close intercourse with other people coming from the same native land. It is well known, for instance, that Scotsmen are very "clannish," and love to unite in a Scottish association when they settle in Canada; but they are not less enthusiastic Canadians on that account. In fact, nothing can exceed the public-spirited way in which they devote themselves to promoting the interests of their new home.

An Old Country Association.

Well, in the Niagara district there is an "Old Country Association," in which "old-country" men unite not only for pleasant social intercourse among themselves at their annual dinner and on other occasions, but to welcome and help any other old-countrymen who may come to settle in the neighbourhood.

One of the Association's objects, as some of its leading members said the other day in a letter to the London "Times," is to protect

the interests of young men from the Old Country who go out to learn the fruit business in Ontario,—to protect them, for instance, from engaging themselves to work for farmers who demand the payment of premiums and yet are often quite unqualified to give instruction in fruit-growing. "It is quite unnecessary," as the writers say, "for any young man of average intelligence, who is able-bodied and willing to work conscientiously, to pay any premium whatever." The Association also tries to keep these young men from being induced "to purchase at exorbitant prices land which, though possibly excellent for general farming, is quite unadapted for the raising of fruit." "The members of the Association are all men born and bred in the British Isles, who are for the most part actively engaged in fruit-growing and are owners of their own farms," which are scattered over all parts of the Niagara district.

Shipping fruit at Grimsby.

WORK AND WAGES.

A whole book—and it would run to a good many volumes, too—might be filled with the absurd untruths that have been written about Canada. Sometimes the writer's fault seems to be mere ignorance; but the man who allows himself to state as a fact what he would have discovered to be fiction if he had taken the trouble to investigate the matter, cannot be acquitted of blame on that account. A libel is none the less a libel because it is believed by the man who hastily publishes it. And some writers unhappily have not even the excuse of ignorance: it is impossible, with the utmost charity, to acquit them of a deliberate fraud upon the public, prompted either by some private grudge against individuals, for whose faults they recklessly attempt to punish the whole country, or by a naturally untruthful disposition which leads them to blame other people for some failure that their own defects have brought about.

Absurd Statements.

I read not long ago a diatribe by a writer who seemed very anxious to censure exaggerated statements by Canadians about their country. Not only were his own pages full of all sorts of inaccuracies, but many of his assertions were so fantastically untrue that they

were only laughed at by people who knew the facts. Unfortunately, most of his readers in the Old Country were not in a position to know all the facts, and were therefore at the mercy of his deceptions.

I have known Canada intimately now for thirty years, both by long residence there and by repeated journeys of careful investigation from one end of the country to the other. If there is one thing I object to, it is exaggeration. Even if it were not a vice in itself, it should be severely condemned as leading to disappointment when its victims are at last undeceived; and no censure is too strong for any interested or responsible parties with " an axe to grind " who make misleading statements to intending emigrants or to possible purchasers of land. I have known people who have been thus misled; and I am glad that the Canadian Government emphatically discountenances anything that might lead to such a result.

Good Hard Work.

If a Government official (which I am not) or anyone else informs an intending emigrant that Canada offers the highest prospects to any able-bodied and able-minded man who is willing to earn success on the land by steadiness and industry, the statement is absolutely true. I have often listened to the advice given to intending emigrants by officials, and by the representatives of careful emigration societies which have done much to help good men and women to find new homes in the Dominion; and I have constantly heard them emphasize the necessity for the most strenuous hard work. But, on the other hand, when an irresponsible writer or speaker attempts to scare Englishmen into a belief that life on a Canadian farm is nothing but drudgery, either he does not know what he is talking about or he is uttering a deliberate falsehood. There may, however, be a third explanation,—that the falsifier is one of the " born tired " class who is aggrieved because he has been called on to move a little faster than a snail.

There is one consolation, which may be expressed in a couplet,—

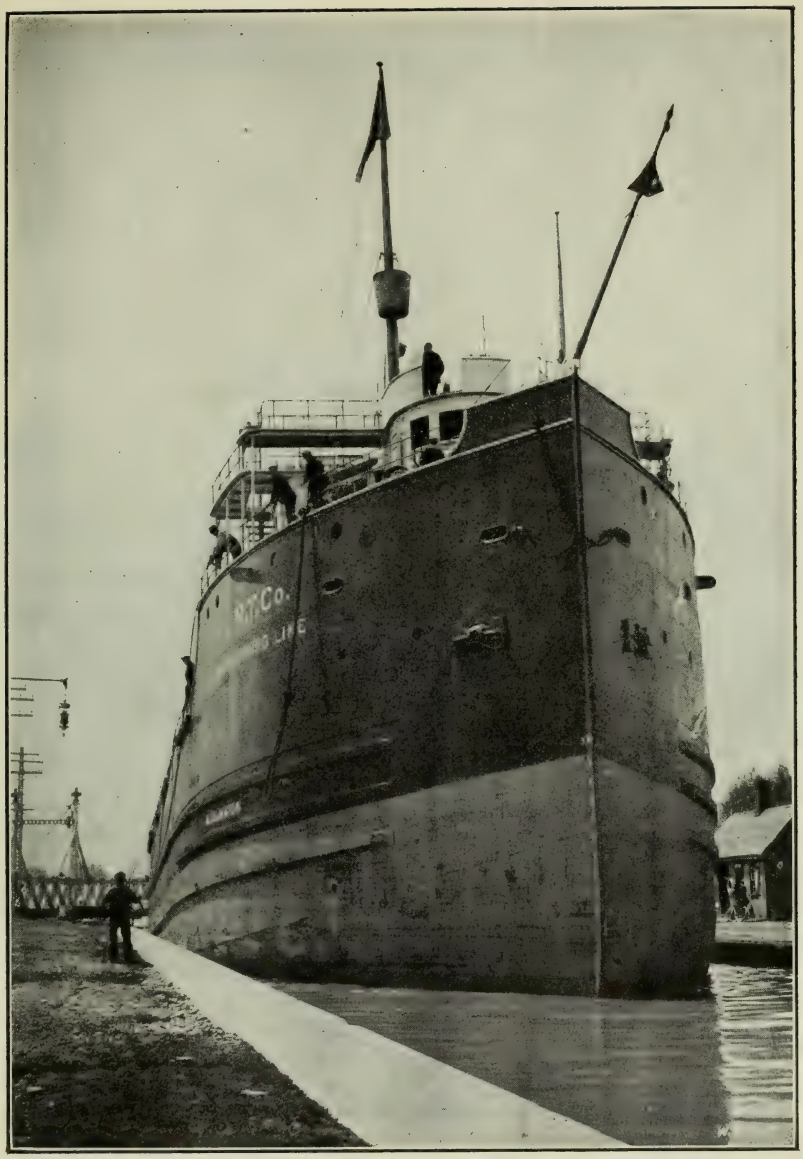
Easily scared,—
Easily spared.

Canada wants men and women, it is true; but she can easily spare the timid, and she would do anything rather than saddle herself with the lazy.

Working Hours.

The other day I came across a statement in print that Canadian farmers had to work sixteen hours a day the whole season. That means, say, from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night. Well, in bygone times men used to work from dawn to dark, with intervals for meals; but then in bygone times people also used to travel by coach and thresh their corn with a flail. You may still, if you wish, penetrate regions where there are no railways or steamboats; you may even come upon a primitive agriculturist, who seems to have stepped out of some old picture, wielding the first threshing implement that was ever invented. And so you may easily discover an old-fashioned farmer who gets up at daybreak, simply because that was the custom of his boyhood. But the statement I have quoted, as applied to ordinary members of such a farming community as I am describing, is simply grotesque. In times of emergency, of course, such as harvest time, the farmer takes advantage of every hour of daylight, and any man worth his salt is willing to do likewise; but the invention of labour-saving machinery has vastly changed the situation in recent years.

In the Niagara district the fruit growers are finding it possible, and even beneficial, to have regularly fixed hours for themselves and those who work for them, except, of course, at " rush " times. Having done the " chores " and had breakfast, they work from seven to



A Freighter on the inland waters of Ontario.

twelve. Then they take an hour off for dinner and rest, and work again from one to six, or five on Saturdays. On Sundays only strictly necessary work is done, such as feeding the horses, and milking the cows if there are any.

A good man who has a good employer has nothing to complain of, either in the matter of pay or extra privileges; and an employer has every inducement to treat his men well, for, if he does not, they have so many other opportunities open to them that they have no hesitation about leaving him.

Wages and Extras.

It is not difficult hereabouts for a man to get a year's contract, so that he is comfortably provided for in the winter, though there is not much work to be done then. Under such an agreement he will be paid at the rate of $180 to $225 (from £37 10s. to £46 17s. 6d.) a year, besides his board and lodging. A farmer with a good sized holding will

generally have at least one extra house on the place for his married help. One fruit-grower, for instance, has three such houses. His foreman gets $35 (over £7) a month, all the fuel and fruit and vegetables and milk he wants for his family, and the house rent-free. The head teamster gets $30 (over £6) a month, with house, milk, fruit, vegetables, and part of his fuel. The third house is occupied by a less experienced man, who enjoys the same privileges, except that his monthly wage is $26 (£5 8s.). On the same farm three young men are employed, getting from $20 to $26 (£4 3s. to £5 8s.) a month, with free board and lodging. These three are employed only for the season of eight months or so. In winter they take work in factories, or go off to a lumber camp in the woods, or perhaps take a turn at ice-cutting,—an important business in a country like Canada, where the summer is so warm that ice is constantly used to keep victuals fresh.

Fruit trees in bloom at St. Catharines.

"I generally get boys of 16 or 17 straight from England," says a fruit-grower on a small scale. "They don't know much at first, but I give them $8 or $10 (33s. to 41s.) a month, with board and lodging, for seven months; or simply pocket money and board and lodging if I guarantee to keep them for a year. After a year or two they can get their $20 to $30 (£4 to £6) a month for the season. When my orchard has all come into bearing I shall want an experienced man, and then I shall expect to give him $300 (£62 10s.) and a cottage and vegetables.

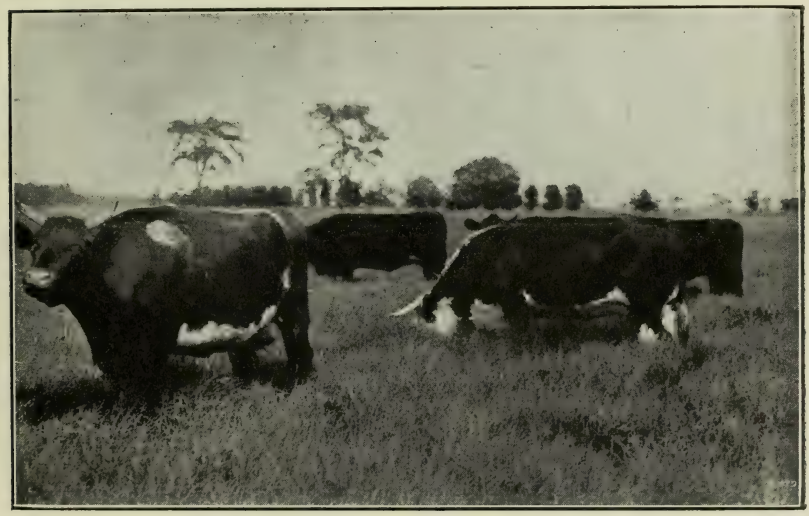
The man's wage is not the only income his family can rely on. There is a good deal of extra money to be made by his wife and children, if they like to make it, and in a very healthy way. In the case I have just mentioned, the foreman's wife last year made $28 (£5 16s.) by packing tomatoes and peaches. In the vineyards, a woman can earn 10 cents (5d.) an hour, and occasionally 12½ cents (6¼d.), by such light work as tying up the vines and cutting and packing the grapes. In some vineyards the cutting of grapes is piece-work, and from $1.25 to $2 (5s. 2½d. to 8s. 4d.) a day can be earned in this way. The picking of peaches is mostly done by men, at $1.40 or $1.50 (5s. 10d. to 6s. 3d.) a day. From 50 cents to $1.50 (2s. 1d. to 6s. 3d.) can be earned by picking berries; in fact I have heard of a smart woman

Money for Picking.

making from $1.75 to $2.50 (7s. 3d. to 10s. 5d.) a day in the berry season. Cherry picking is generally paid by the basket, the pickers making from $1 to $2 (4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.) a day. For apples, the wage is the same as for peaches; very often, however, the farmer saves himself trouble by selling the crop on the trees to a dealer who sends his own gang into the orchard to clear the trees.

It is difficult sometimes for the small grower to get all the help he would like in the picking season, so an emigrant with plenty of children finds plenty of opportunities. The owner of a large orchard seems to have less difficulty, as a good many of the poorer residents of Buffalo, in the neighbouring state of New York, as well as Indians from the Brantford Reserve in Ontario, are glad to come over and fill their pockets by filling the farmer's baskets.

A thoroughly reliable fruit-grower, an Englishman who is keenly alive to the desirability of putting none but accurate information in



Where good pastures abound. Part of an Ontario herd.

the hands of his fellow-countrymen, gives me the following calendar of his year's work:—

Work and Climate.

"To begin with, as some of the people over in England have still rather a curious idea about our climate, there wasn't a single month in the winter of 1908-1909 when I didn't do some of my ploughing. That, of course, was exceptional; but I am always able to plough except in January and February. The ground generally freezes early in December, but there is seldom a really cold spell or a long frost, though some time in every winter we may expect the temperature to fall to zero. On the other hand, we often get a fortnight or so in strawberry time when the temperature is nearer 90 than 80 in the daytime, and in July we look for two or three weeks of the same kind. Last winter the ground was only frozen 7 or 8 inches deep, though more commonly the frost goes about 2 feet down; and we had some difficulty in getting ice enough from the canal, where it is generally 18 inches thick in the coldest time. Some of us, by the way, have ice-houses of our own, especially when we do a bit of dairying; but many fruit-growers do not keep cows, or only one.

"I begin pruning about New Year, unless a particularly cold wind is blowing, and when I have nothing to do in the orchard I can get on with the cutting of wood for the year's fuel. I always use wood for the stoves, and old orchard trees come in handy. In winter,

too, we can be hauling the manure, which we get by rail from Toronto, paying 90 cents (3s. 9d.) per ton in winter, and 70 cents (2s. 11d.) in summer, besides 60 cents (2s. 6d.) for freight. The unloading takes a couple of days, but the neighbours help each other at such a job as this, which they don't all have to be doing at the same time. In spring I spray the trees to prevent scale, paying about $5 (£1 10d.) an acre for the material. A hot spell in summer, by the way, is generally broken by a big thunderstorm, and then I start cultivating at once so that the ground will hold the moisture. A little frost is to be expected about the second week in October, but by that time there should be nothing out to be hurt."

Pigs,

The small extent to which ordinary fruit-growers go in for dairying is responsible also for the fact that as a rule they do not keep pigs, as a good deal of the profit of pig-keeping depends on the supply of skim milk for their food.

Bees,

Bee-keeping might well be far more adopted than it is, not only because of the magnificent honey they produce here and the good price it brings, but because of the assistance the bees give in the fertilizing of the fruit blossoms.

and Poultry.

The raising of poultry is another minor branch of agriculture which might perhaps get rather more attention than it does. Their food costs less than in England, and where they are carefully managed they are decidedly profitable. One friend of mine tells me that he sold a lot of one-year old hens in July at 50 cents (2s. 1d.) apiece, and young two-pound cockerels for broiling at 18 cents (9d.) a pound. His experience in this line, by the way, is additional evidence of the harmlessness of the winter cold to animal as well as plant life. His fowl-houses are double-boarded, and on very cold nights he hangs sacking in front of the roosting places; but the birds are allowed to run in the open all winter, and not one of them has ever experienced even a frosted comb. It may be added that even double-boarding has been found to be unnecessary, and in far colder districts, where, moreover, hens properly cared for continue to lay eggs all winter, and the low-combed varieties never suffer from frost.

HELPS FOR FRUIT-GROWERS.

In opportunities for training in his profession, and for keeping abreast of advancing knowledge, the Canadian fruit-grower is singularly well off.

Think what thorough training means.

Education in Fruit-growing.

Canadians are not all on a dead level. Differences of character count for much among them. The man with no gift for management and command is not likely to get a very responsible position; and, if he does, he is not likely to keep it long. The man who proves himself trustworthy is trusted. Differences of education count for a good deal, too; but the education that counts for most, though it includes common schooling, is something much higher than schooling. Education is the development and training of capacity. To succeed as a fruit-grower, your capacities must be trained and developed by acquiring the knowledge created by your own and other men's experience, by the habit of concentrating your powers of mind and body (mind even more than body) on the problems of your profession, and by doing your work systematically,—thereby economizing time and toil alike.

The man who has been well educated in these respects has naturally an advantage over the man who has only been well educated in

the limited sense of present-day schooling. So you will not be surprised to find a young Englishman of "good family," who has spent years at a public school and even at a university, working as hired labourer for a man who himself may have been a hired labourer on the young man's paternal estate.

Special Colleges.

It is coming to be well recognized, however, that experience on a farm, even on a Canadian farm, though it is the best possible foundation for education in agriculture, does not carry up that education as far as it can be carried. That is being done by agricultural colleges; and no country is now better equipped with such colleges than the Dominion of Canada.

A School-garden Plot on the Experimental Farm at Guelph, Ont.

At the city of Guelph, which is only about 30 miles as the crow flies from Hamilton, stands one of the two greatest agricultural colleges in the Dominion. It is maintained by the Provincial Government of Ontario. Here, sons of the farm, or sons of other homes who are devoting themselves to farm work, obtain all the scientific knowledge and practical experience that they need to develop and equip them for their great profession. A great profession it assuredly is; and its greatness cannot much longer fail to be recognized even by those who now think vaguely of farming as a kind of drudgery performed by rule of thumb.

Experimental Farms.

Experiments carried on here and there both in Europe and in the New World show what astonishingly great results can be got by the application of science to the soil. At Ottawa, and at a number of other points in many parts of the Dominion, the Federal Government maintains experimental farms. The knowledge there gained, and circulated regularly in bulletins to every farmer who asks for them, is one of the greatest boons ever conferred on an agricultural community. By this means, and by the personal visits and lectures of the leading experts to gatherings of farmers, an immense amount of knowledge is spread,—as to the varieties of plant and animal life most suitable to each neighbourhood, the best means of combating insect and other pests, and the most profitable methods of cultivating, gathering, packing and marketing every sort of agricultural product.

The Ontario authorities, too, have carried out a system of experimental fruit stations, to prove which varieties will grow best in each locality. And, by the generosity of an ex-Ontarian, the Provincial Government has lately been able to establish a central station for experimenting with fruit and vegetables in the very heart of the Niagara orchard district,—at Jordan, on the shore of Lake Ontario. The gentleman in question, Mr. Rittenhouse, left that neighbourhood as a boy, at a time when Canada was only at the beginning of its development, and many of its sons were drawn over the border by the greater opportunities offered by the United States,—a time strangely different from our own, when men are pouring out of the United States into Canada by the hundred thousand. Mr. Rittenhouse went into the timber business at Chicago. In the great Chicago fire of 1872 nearly all the timber yards were swept by the flames, but his were not; and the great demand for his timber laid the foundation of a fortune, part of which he has devoted to his native land by giving the land for the Jordan Experimental Fruit Farm, besides a fine schoolhouse and school garden.

The Governments, Federal and Provincial, help the farmers in various other ways,—for instance, by grants to agricultural societies, by paying part of the cost of buildings where fruit can be cooled before shipment (this greatly helps to deliver the fruit in good condition at distant markets), by supplying instruments for registering the temperature in railroad cars, and by a grant of $1 (4s. 2d.) per acre towards the cost of keeping down pests by spraying the trees.

SOCIAL LIFE.

"From what I remember of the English where I was brought up," says an Ontario fruit-grower, "there's as much social life here as there was there. There's one difference, for sure. Here we don't have one class thinking it beneath them to associate with another class."

There is more than one difference, but perhaps that is the chief. Canadians are not all alike, as I have said, or on a dead level. There are considerable differences of means and position among them. But nearly all are working for their livelihood, and those few who have retired and "live on their income" have generally had to work hard for the money from which that income is drawn, and they are not ashamed of the fact. Even in an exceptional community like that of the Niagara district, where there is a good sprinkling of men from the "upper" or "upper middle" classes in England, there is no hard and fast line between different classes in social intercourse. Such dividing lines as exist there are easily and quickly stepped over.

Good Fellowship.

The people are very much drawn together by their common occupation. Even if they are not members of a co-operative society, they are fellow-members of a community whose business owes much of its success to co-operation,—comparing notes and exchanging opinions, so that the experience of each is made available for the benefit of all. There are exceptions, of course, but as a rule the fruit-growers do not regard each other as trade rivals or attempt to keep "trade secrets."

Apart from business, they get plenty of enjoyment, as we all do, out of ordinary friendly visiting. I have been in parts of Canada where the roads were so bad at times that visiting was a pain and a labour; and I remember that there the adoption of telephones made an extraordinary difference in farm-house life, practically abolishing isolation, and enabling neighbour to chat with neighbour in comfort, regardless of mud and slush out of doors. The Niagara

Telephones and Trams.

folk have got telephones, too, a subscription of £5 a year enabling them to converse at their will, without any limitation on the number of "calls," with friends in towns and villages miles away, as well as with their neighbours over the country-side. But the need of this extra means of communication is not so urgent here, as the roads are comparatively good, and, above all, a large number of the farmers have the electric tramway within easy reach, enabling them to get about the country and into town both quickly and cheaply.

Entertainments.

Of private parties and public entertainments there is no lack. St. Catharines has its theatre, and as it is on the route of a main railway line and close to the United States, American touring companies find it easy and convenient to give performances in the Garden City of Canada.

Pleasure craft on Lake Ontario.

At the little cinematograph theatres which have sprung up in the last few years all over Canada, a programme of "moving pictures" and varieties—or "vaudeville"—can be witnessed for 10 cents (5d.). Church concerts are frequent; and a capital military band plays every Thursday night in the park throughout the summer. Every town and village is well supplied with churches; and the fine public library at St. Catharines is free to all comers.

You would hardly expect any farmer, in Canada or in the Motherland, to knock off work in the middle of hay-making or harvest; yet at almost any other time, even in the busy summer, I have found the Canadian farmer ready for a little recreation, which may even go the length of a picnic, on occasion.

The Henley of Canada.

If he enjoys looking on while others play, he has quite exceptional opportunities of enjoyment in this district. Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the canal, and Niagara-on-the-Lake, at the mouth of the Niagara River, are among the most famous sporting centres of the Dominion. Niagara is the scene of contests for the Lawn Tennis Championships. Port Dalhousie is the Henley of Canada, and really surpasses our Henley-on-Thames in the advantages it offers to the oarsmen. The lower reach of the canal provides a straight course of a mile and half where the water is never too rough for rowing, and from the high banks a perfect view of the racing crews can be had

from start to finish. There is a big rowing club at St. Catharines, and the same sport flourishes at other places. On the lake itself, there is plenty of boating and yachting to be had, with quite enough wind on occasion to make the sport exciting.

Fish. The " gentle craft " of fishing, too, may be pursued either for sport or profit, or for both. The fishermen of Port Dalhousie and other lakeside towns and villages go out netting the whitefish and herring. Anglers make good baskets of perch, carp, sheephead and catfish; and in the spring a basket of bass may run up to seven or eight dozen. A sturgeon weighing 70 pounds is not unheard of.

Games. Cricket has its devotees, especially at Ridley College, St. Catharines. Football is still more popular, in the spring and autumn. Lacrosse, the national game of Canada and one of the finest games of skill in the world, is much played, but has been rather overshadowed of late years by baseball, the American development of rounders. I need hardly add, after describing the beautiful lawns in many of the gardens, that this is a good district for lawn tennis and croquet. Golf courses are found here and there; indeed, there are two golf clubs at St. Catharines.

Ice-hockey and curling are the great winter games, and covered rinks are provided for the purpose; but owing to the comparative mildness of the climate it is not possible to guarantee hard ice all winter. A sleigh drive is one of the most delightful pastimes, when the snow and frost suffice. Roller skating is independent of thaws.

There is a Hunt Club at Hamilton. The word " hunting," however, as used in Canada, generally means game-stalking and shooting. In such a well settled district as this, big game is not to be expected, though farther north it is found in great numbers. Of the

Birds. smaller wild animals, there are the hare, the chipmunk—a kind of squirrel,—the beautiful but unsavoury skunk, and the raccoon. The Canadian robin, or red-breasted thrush, arrives early in spring; and with the warm summer the wild canary, the humming-bird, the golden oriole, the bluebird, and the woodpecker come up from the south. Of game birds, the partridge is to be found up on " the mountain," and the English pheasant has lately been acclimatized. The wild duck is also found.

Volunteer soldiering is an occupation that involves some self-denial, and a good many plausible excuses may be urged, in a country where all the young men are hard at work, for evading

Soldiers. the sacrifice. It is highly creditable to the patriotism of this district that it responds so well to a call which can be so easily disregarded. The infantry battalion which has its headquarters at St. Catharines has more men than its establishment calls for, and all the officers it wants. The city and district also maintain a squadron of dragoons and a battery of artillery, besides two cadet corps at the Collegiate Institute and Ridley College. There is a splendid Armoury, or drill hall, with comfortable officers' mess and sergeants' mess, fitted up in a style that would be a credit to any city in the British Isles. Here, lectures are given on military subjects; gymnastics and indoor sports are practiced; and the men put in twenty-four evenings at drill every year, in the spring and autumn. The town of Niagara Falls is the headquarters of a larger battalion of infantry, drawn from the Counties of Welland and Lincoln. At the other end of the district, the City of Hamilton has two infantry battalions, one of them composed of kilted Scots, besides artillery and cavalry.

Sailors. Volunteer sailoring would apparently have an equal chance of success if an attempt were made to organize it. There are plenty of fishermen on the Lake, as well as amateur sailors, who, it is said, might be readily formed into a branch of the Naval Reserve. Many of the fishermen are idle in the winter, though some take work in the factories, and it is suggested that they might be taken for a training cruise in West Indian waters at that time of year.

Women. The farmer's wife and daughters do more of the work in a farm-house in Canada than in the Old Country, hired help being scarcer; but the women as well as the men, especially in such an advanced district as I am describing, are not content to be mere drudges. They are getting a clearer and higher view of the dignity of their calling, and also of its possibilities. Many farmers' daughters now take a course of household economy at a

River Nith, in the fruit belt of Ontario.

special institute given by Sir William Macdonald to the Guelph Agricultural College. And all over the Province "Women's Institutes" have been formed for the discussion of all sorts of ways of making farm-house work more efficient and farm life more agreeable.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

Food Prices. It is notoriously difficult to say what a man or a family will spend in the course of the year in any district, different people's standards of living varying so greatly, as well as their willingness and ability to save money by doing and making things for themselves which others get done or made for them. It is possible, however, to give a good many details which may prove useful. In a typical district, for instance, a few miles from St. Catharines, where provisions and other supplies are easily obtained from either the city or the village stores, I find that bread and groceries cost about the same as in England, and so do poultry. A good joint of beef will cost 6½d. a pound for roasting or 5d. for boiling; veal, 6½d., and mutton, 9d. Milk costs 3d. a quart. The price of butter varies from 10d. or a shilling a pound in summer to 1s. 3d. in winter; eggs from 10d. or 1s. in summer to 1s. 3d. or even 1s. 8d. a dozen in winter; potatoes, 75 cents (3s. 1½d.) per bushel of 60 pounds; onions from 2s. 11d. to 3s. 4d. a bushel; carrots and turnips, 9d. a bushel.

Clothes. A cheap suit of clothes can be had for $8 or $10 (£1 13s. 4d. or £2 1s. 8d.); something rather better for $14 to $18 (£2 18s. 4d. to £3 15s.), and a really good suit from a "custom" tailor for $25 or $30 (£5 4s. 2d. or £6 5s.), the price of this class of goods being considerably more in Canada than in England. A suit of overalls, which are marvellous economizers of clothing, only costs $2 (8s. 4d.). Boots cost from $1.75 to $3.50 (7s. 3d. to 14s. 7d.), a flannelette shirt about 25 cents (1s.), and handkerchiefs from 5 cents (2½d.) upwards. A fur coat, which is not often worn except for driving, may cost little or much,—in calf or dogskin, say, $18 (£3 15s.), in 'coonskin from $50 to $100 (£10 8s. 4d. to £20 16s. 8d.). A heavy cloth overcoat will cost from $5 (£1 10d.), to $16 (£3 6s. 8d.) for a very good article.

A Tobacco Field of Essex County, Ontario.

Implements. A horse can be purchased for $150 (£31 5s.), harness for $20 (£4 3s.), a good market wagon for $75 (£15 12s.), a rough wagon for $40 (£8 6s.), a plough and harrow for $10 (£2 1s.) each, and a couple of cultivators for $15 (£3 2s.); while possibly $50 (£10 8s.) would be laid out on small tools, &c.

I have said something already about the price of land in favourite sections of this district. In the Grimsby neighbourhood, on the electric railway, you will find men refusing less than $1,000 (£208) an acre. Sometimes demanding $1,500 (£312), and a farm of 28 acres was sold for $45,000 (over £9,000), or about £322 per acre. But land intrinsically equal in quality can be had in other parts of the Peninsula for a tenth of these prices, the difference depending largely on convenience of railway communication, and, of course, also on the stage of production which the orchards have reached. Around Jordan, land which a few years ago could have been got for $100 (£20 16s.) an acre has now gone up to about $350 to $400 (£73 to £83) an acre, largely owing to the Experimental Farm established there. Unimproved land not far from St. Catharines, without buildings, fences, or fruit trees, has been fetching $200 (£41 13s.) an acre. In parts of the northeast corner of the district, towards Old Niagara, where the means of communication are comparatively poor, land can be got for $100 (£20 16s.) an acre. The tendency to-day is rather to diminish than increase the size of farms, as, when planted with fruit, a holding of even 50 acres takes a lot of labour and management.

Land Prices.

On "the mountain," farms run from $60 to $100 (£12 10s. to £20 16s.) per acre, according to their condition and buildings. Poor farms can be had for even less. On these higher levels, land where grapes will grow will cost from $80 to $150 (£16 13s. to £31 5s.) per acre; and land where peaches might be planted with good hope of success, from $150 to $200 (£31 5s. to £41 12s.) per acre.

Low Taxes.

Rates and taxes are a painfully important question for the farmer in the Old Country, but are ridiculously low,—a mere trifle, in fact,—in the country parts of Canada. The explanation is that the Dominion raises a large revenue by its customs tariff, and distributes a considerable proportion of it to the Governments of the various Provinces, which, therefore, have to ask very little from their constituents. The municipalities share with the Provincial Government the cost of the school system. The cost of pauperism, which in the Old Country is as burdensome as the pauperism itself is disgraceful, amounts to next to nothing in Ontario. Near St. Catharines I passed a nice-looking red brick house, not very large, and discovered that it provided sufficient accommodation for all the paupers in the county. It is simply a refuge for those old folk who through exceptional circumstances have lost their savings or have lacked the capacity to save, and have no relations to support them. The farm of 50 acres, on which the house stands, produces almost enough to make the institution pay for itself.

Roads.

Road-making and road-mending form another serious drain on the ratepayer's purse in this country. It is not so in Ontario, even in those counties which, in the English fashion, get their road work done by contract. In Lincoln, the chief fruit-growing county in the Niagara district, this work is done by the farmers themselves. "I have my choice," says one of them, "between giving five days' labour with a team, and paying the value of this labour in cash. As the 'road boss' arranges the work so that you can do it before you get too busy on your own land, I always give the labour and save the money."

Banks and Money.

Talking of money, this seems a good place to point out that there is every possible security for the people's savings in Canada. The Government has a Post Office Savings Bank on the English system, but paying 3 per cent interest on deposits instead of 2½; and there are more than 30 chartered banks, doing business under stringent laws which make them more reliable than the banks of the United States. The coins used in Canada are the 5 cent, the 10 cent, the 25 cent, and the 50 cent piece, corresponding roughly with the English threepenny, sixpenny, shilling, and two shilling pieces; and the copper cent, the only coin of that material, worth a halfpenny. Gold sovereigns are coined in the Mint at Ottawa, but are rarely seen outside the banks. The $1, $2 and $4 are paper money issued by the Federal Government, and the banks issue notes of $5 (£1 0s. 10d.) and upwards.

Profits from Fruit Crops.

It is almost as difficult to give exact figures showing the average cost and profit of raising a fruit crop as it is to say what it costs to raise a family. Not only does one season differ from another, but one man differs from another in his capacity to counteract the effects of exceptional weather and other circumstances. Almost innumerable variations in profit, too, are caused by differences of the trees and plants employed, by differences in the degree of care and skill bestowed on their cultivation and protection and on the picking and packing and shipping of the fruit, and by differences in the degree of commercial shrewdness and enterprise employed to select the best markets and to secure the largest proportion of the price. The solu-

tion of "the profit question" very largely depends on "the man question."

Here, also, however, a few calculations made by individual fruit-growers may be given. One man, for instance, puts the profit of his peaches at £54 per acre. He reckons that he spends £17 on spraying, manuring, pruning, cultivating, picking, packing, and hauling to the station. He estimates the revenue at £71, or 50 cents each for 700 baskets.

A grape-grower states that an acre of vineyard costs £15, including the erection of trellises, before the vines come into full bearing. From that time onwards—and the vine has a long life—the annual profit is estimated at £11. The average yield is put at £23, being 3 tons, or 750 baskets, at 7½d. per basket; the average annual expenditure he estimates at £12. Another grape-grower puts his profit at £7 12s. per acre, allowing £1 for "management," which his neighbour does not bring into the account. A third grower says he often gets as much as 5 tons per acre, or 1,500 baskets, which, at 7d. per basket, will bring in £43 gross.

A strawberry-grower, who takes two years' crops from the same plants,—which come into bearing the year after planting,—estimates the three years' expenditure at £124 and the two years' revenue at £254, leaving a profit of £130, or an average of £43 a year per acre. Another man calculates his annual profit from strawberries at £36 per acre.

THE FARTHEST SOUTH.

The square Niagara Peninsula at the eastern end of south Ontario is matched at the western end by a peninsula of somewhat similar shape,—the County of Essex. Between the two, along the north shore of Lake Erie, lie the Counties of Haldimand, Norfolk, Elgin, and Kent. For the most part, these are given up to general or mixed farming, dairying, and the raising of pigs and beef cattle, with a good many light horses. A certain amount of fruit is grown, however, especially apples, and this industry is likely to develop considerably. If an experienced fruit-grower, after learning all he can from the highly specialized industry of the Niagara orchardmen, desires to experiment for himself where land is cheaper, he would do well to travel westward through this lake-side belt, which is traversed by more than one railway.

The Lake Erie Shore.

If he gets as far as Kent, about the middle of that County's southern coast he will enter a region, stretching away to the south-west extremity of Essex, not unlike the Niagara district in its capacity for raising the tender fruits. That it does not rival the County of Lincoln in actual production of peaches and grapes is due partly to an unfortunate experience with those fruits and partly to the fact that certain other lines are found to pay as well or even better. Several years ago many of the peach trees here were killed by an exceptionally severe frost. Fresh peach orchards are now being planted, and, as the growers now take care to protect the roots, there is little fear of loss by frost in the future. But meanwhile tobacco and early vegetables have proved themselves so successful and so profitable that peaches and grapes find it hard to win back their commanding position.

The Essex Peninsula.

You are only 42 degrees from the Equator on the Essex shore, which is the most southerly part of Canada. That is, you are in the same latitude as Rome, and very little farther north than Constanti--

nople. You are farther south than the American city of Boston, and actually in the same latitude as northern California. When you realize this fact, you will no longer be surprised to hear of the Essex farmer growing tobacco, which you think of as a product of hot countries, not to speak of other crops which cannot be grown in England.

Let us take an excursion into the country, through one of the best parts of this region. We start from Windsor, a city looking over the river which brings the waters of Lake Huron down into Lake Erie and forms the international frontier,—the American city of Detroit standing right opposite. Before we get out of the city, on the electric railway, we meet a car coming in from the south, loaded with peaches, tomatoes and melons. Once in the open country, we bowl along at high speed through a nearly flat land, some of it looking as if it was waiting to be taken in hand by a scientific agriculturist, but much of it evidently in the hands of skilled and enterprising men already. One house may be extremely plain, and even unpainted, its outer planks bleached whitey-grey by the sun; another may be an ambitious structure of red brick, with ornamental gables, and a bow window thrown out at one end; but some of the little cottages look at least as comfortable as their big neighbours,—the cushioned seats on shady verandahs and the children playing on the steps giving a pleasant glimpse of family life. An unkempt and weedy field, next to a neglected old orchard, is succeeded by a stretch of tall and handsome maize, just ripe, and a reaped wheatfield with a steam threshing machine hard at work in the middle.

An Excursion to the South.

Scenes by the Way.

It is a very handy and amusing little line, this we are travelling by,—a sort of cross between a railway and a tramway. The cars run at a high speed, considering that the rails are laid for a long distance on the public road; and the 36 miles from Windsor to Leamington are covered in an hour and three-quarters. There are regular stopping-places where the cars will pick you up; and, in case the driver may fail to see you, this procedure is to be adopted:—" Passengers desiring to board the cars after dark at way-stops are requested to strike a match when the train is at least 1,000 feet distant."

Presently we pull up at the village of Essex, where the same contrasts are noticeable,—some of the houses standing in beautiful flower gardens, with trim lawns coming right down to the clean cement sidewalk of the street; others untidy and generally showing signs of little taste or care.

Leaving the village behind, and pressing on to the south-west, we catch our first sight of a tobacco field, the leaves a lovely green. But " general farming " is still the rule. Cattle are grazing in the pastures; sheep are dozing in the shady corner of a field; black pigs and white pigs and bronze pigs keep them company; a bunch of horses, turned out to grass, complacently watch our horseless vehicle pass. A dozen bee-hives stand in a little apple orchard; a tall silo, like a round tower, stands beside the big barn of a dairy farmer; looking in at the open door of another barn, we see the building full of tobacco hanging from wires to dry and looking like yellow chamois leather.

As we pass through the village of Kingsville, we notice a truck laden with jars for " canning " fruit; native tobacco in a shop window, labelled " Big plugs for little money,—5 cents, 10 cents, 15 cents "; gardens bright with hydrangeas, and bordered with fir hedges; hammocks swinging in shady verandahs. Beyond this village, much of the tobacco in the fields, if not already cut, is

turning yellow and ready for reaping. A good deal of woodland is visible on the horizon, as it has been nearly all the time; and here and there the stumps of old forest trees still stand in the fields.

Lake Erie. Suddenly we come in sight of water, stretching away on our right, calm and blue under the azure sky. It is Lake Erie; but it looks like the Mediterranean as I have seen it from the shores of Southern France, only instead of olive orchards we are passing acres of young peach trees. Vineyards, too, begin to make their appearance. But even here there are fields of maize, and roots, and clover, and old apple orchards.

Tobacco growing in Essex County has a bright future, and development the past few years assures the grower of increased returns.

Tobacco. The town of Leamington is a convenient stopping-place if you want to gather information about the particular crops that form the specialty of this district. It is a beautiful place, too, either for pleasure or for business, with the groves of its park stretching down to the lake; and the shore hereabout is a favourite camping place for holiday-makers from the cities in summer.

In this neighbourhood there is a great deal of sandy loam, and that is what the tobacco plant enjoys, so the more enterprising farmers are putting more and more of their land under this crop. The plant is set out from about the 10th to the 20th of June; rather later if the spring has been exceptionally backward. The land has to be well manured, but only an ordinary amount of ploughing and harrowing is required, with a couple of hoeings in the season. Nearly every farmer has a bit of his land under tobacco, which gives him a little extra spending money, even if he looks to other branches of his trade for the bulk of his income. Some men, however, make tobacco their chief and almost their " only love."

Here is a man who got 22,000 pounds of the " weed " off 11 acres, and sold it at 12 cents a pound, making a total of $2,640, or about £530. In the following year, owing to the backward spring, there was a considerable falling off, and yet I found him not merely resigned, but perfectly happy and going on to plant more, knowing well that when he had averaged up the profits of a series of years he would have a very handsome balance on the right side. The price varies from 10 cents (5d.) to 15 cents (7½d.) a pound. This tobacco is mostly sent down to the Province of Quebec, where it is manufactured on a large scale into " plugs " or cakes for pipe smoking, and into cigars; though this manufacture is also carried on to some extent at Windsor.

For Smoking and Snuff.

The grower generally cures his tobacco by hanging it in a barn. Now, however, southerners from the tobacco districts of the United States have discovered the high capacity of this Canadian County, and have started growing tobacco here for snuff, and curing it by artificial heat.

The average yield is now, perhaps, 1,000 or 1,200 pounds an acre; but with proper cultivation from start to finish, on the right soil, a careful man gets from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds an acre, and even, as I have just shown, as much as 2,000 pounds, which in Canadian parlance is a ton. To give the plants a good start, the tobacco is sown in hotbeds, and some of it under glass, though some growers simply cover the beds with cotton. One advantage of tobacco-growing is that a heavy crop of wheat or maize can be got in the season after the tobacco is reaped, under a rotation system.

On the higher ground the farmers are going in more and more for peaches. I found one man with 75 acres of peach orchard, and there is no lack either in the quantity or the quality of the fruit. The branches were so loaded that some of them rested on the ground. One of my friends in this district used to have 100 acres under peaches, and assures me that they did well, even after a winter from which many of the growers suffered, because he had taken measures to protect the trees. He, however, was turning his attention from peaches and apples, in order to put more of his land under tobacco and other specialties, which he preferred. Every sort of " garden truck " is easily grown here, both for use in its fresh state and for preserving. One of the best known manufacturers of canned and pickled vegetables has put up a big factory in the heart of this district, and is buying large quantities of cucumbers, cauliflowers, onions, cabbage, beans and tomatoes from the farmers round. The melon grows here as well, the people say, as in the neighbourhood of Montreal, which is saying a great deal, as many American hotel-keepers and others habitually depend on Montreal for their melon supplies. One man near Leamington grew 2,000 bushels of melons on his place last year. Strawberries, too, grow well here, and, if the owner does not care to send them to a distance,

Peaches.

they are taken by a local canning factory at $1.50 (5s. 3d.) per crate of 24 boxes, a box holding something less than a quart.

Onions are quite a specialty in the " marsh " lands several miles east of Leamington, where you find a group of farmers putting from one acre to 15 acres annually under this crop. In a good season lately they sent off 68 car-loads of onions, from about the same number of acres. That means 6,300 sacks, each containing 75 pounds, and they fetched from 65 to 75 cents (2s. 8½d. to 3s. 1½d.) per sack, or $315 (over £63) per acre.

" Corn and Hogs."

While it is true that between this district and the Niagara Peninsula fruit is only grown in spots,—partly because the conditions are less perfect, and partly because the country's capacity has not been developed as well as it might be,—it is also true that even in the best fruit section of Essex many people still pin their faith to the raising of " corn and hogs." The corn, otherwise maize, yields about 100 bushels, or even 125 bushels to the acre, and with pork at $8.15 (say 34s.) per 100 pounds, live weight, this industry certainly has something to commend it.

This district, by the way, including part of Kent, has a great reputation for its maize, and supplies seed to growers in many parts of the Dominion.

Labour and Land.

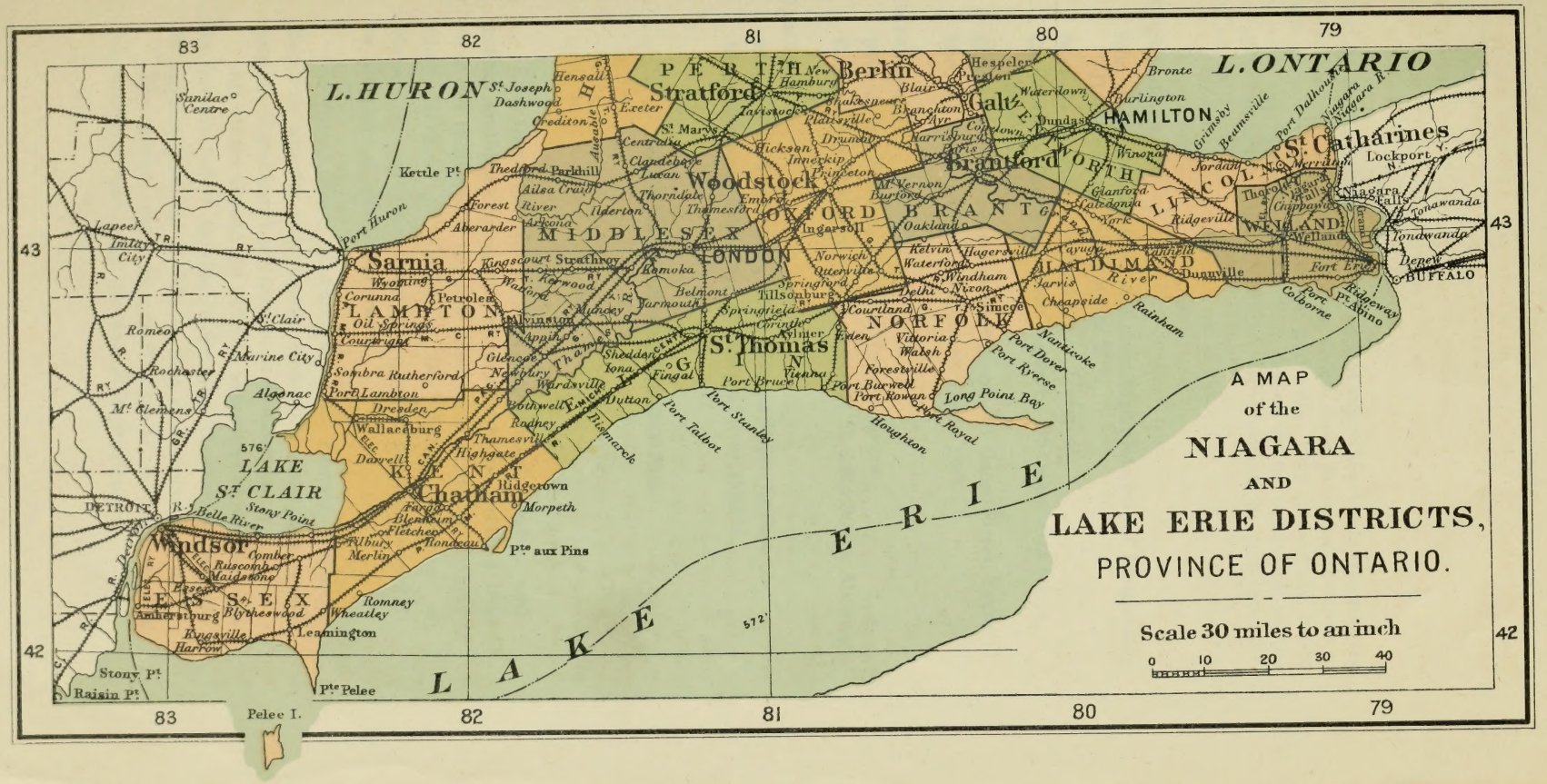
There is the same need here as in most other parts of Ontario, for good men to help on the farms. I found one grower employing, besides his casual help for the season, two experienced men who were each receiving from $340 to $380 (£70 to £78) a year, with free house, fruit, vegetables and milk. In this district, as elsewhere, I found Englishmen and other Old-country folk of the right sort highly appreciated, and more of them wanted.

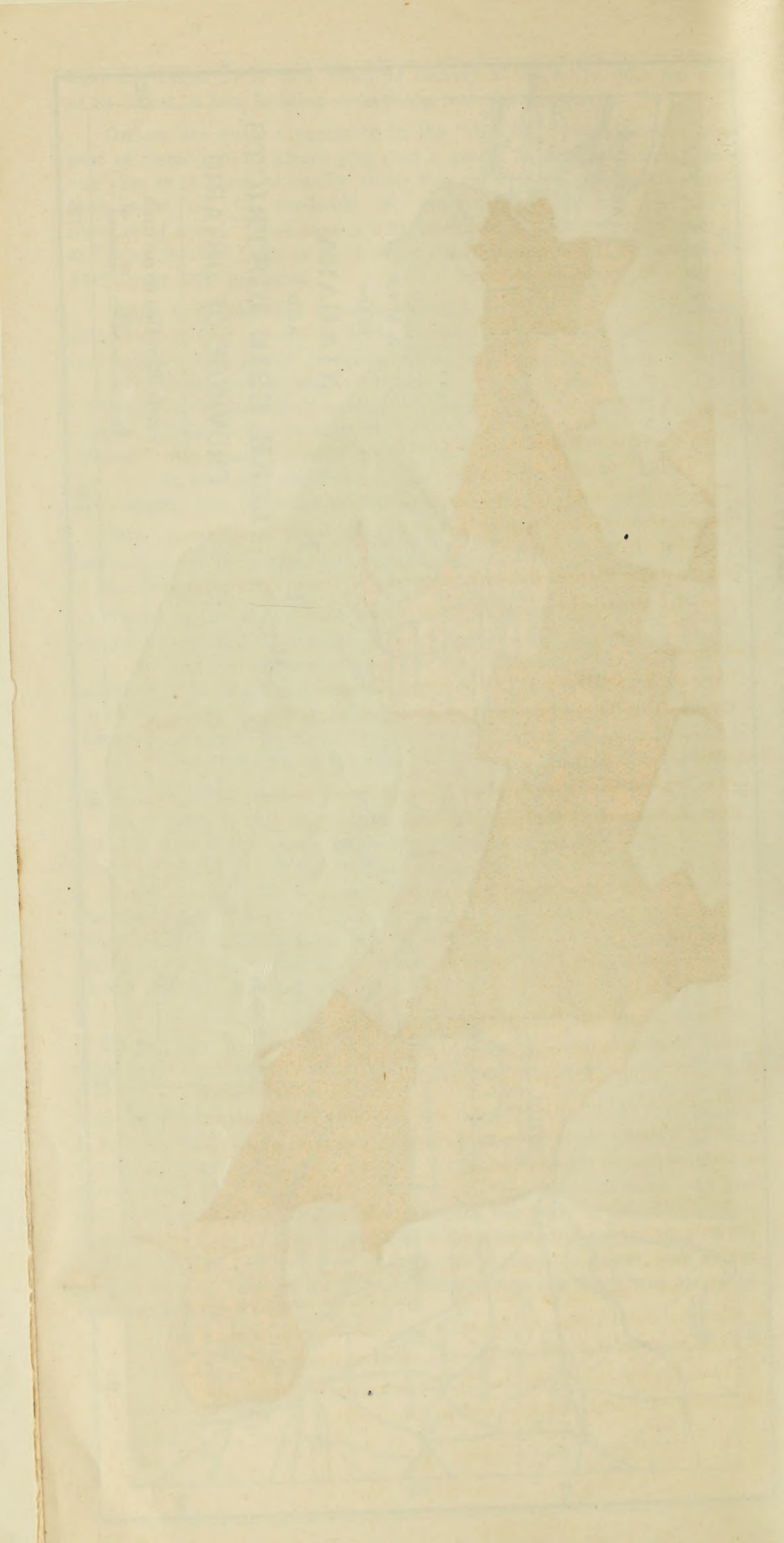
Land here is selling at from $100 to $150 (£20 16s. to £31 5s.) an acre, though a few miles farther north $45 or $50 (£9 7s. or £10 8s.) would buy land not of the special quality suited to peaches or tobacco. A 50-acre farm, with a small house and good barn, was sold last autumn for $3,700 (£770), an increase of $700 (£146) in less than a year, while a 25-acre farm without buildings realized $3,000 (£625), and a place of the same size, including a new house, said to be worth $3,000, changed hands at $7,500 (£1,562).

The Climate.

One last word about the special climate of this district. While December, January, February and March are considered winter months, it is rare to have the land frozen up much before Christmas, though a little frost may have been experienced about the middle of October. The winter is not one continuous cold spell, but it is a good deal broken up; and there is never very much snow. Sometimes there is sleighing for three weeks at a time, but sometimes there is next to none. If you had seen, as I have, in the late autumn, big beds of purple pansies, and bowers of honeysuckle covered with fragrant bloom, a plot of big red Californian peppers, and even a cotton plant in flower, you would almost wonder whether in Canada's farthest south there was any cold weather at all.

CANADA'S FARTHEST SOUTH.





Let me say in conclusion that any of my readers who themselves desire to share in the opportunities which these favoured districts of Ontario certainly give to industry and skill, they cannot do better than send any questions they still desire to be answered to the responsible officers of the Canadian Government in this country. These are:—

England—

Mr. J. Obed Smith, Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

Mr. A. F. Jury, 48 Lord Street, Liverpool.

Canadian Government Agent, 139 Corporation Street, Birmingham.

Canadian Government Agent, 81 Queen Street, Exeter.

Mr. L. Burnett, 16 Parliament Street, York.

Scotland—

Mr. J. K. Miller, 107 Hope Street, Glasgow.

Canadian Government Agent, 26 Guild Street, Aberdeen.

Ireland—

Mr. John Webster, 17-19 Victoria Street, Belfast.

Mr. Edward O'Kelly, 44 Dawson Street, Dublin.

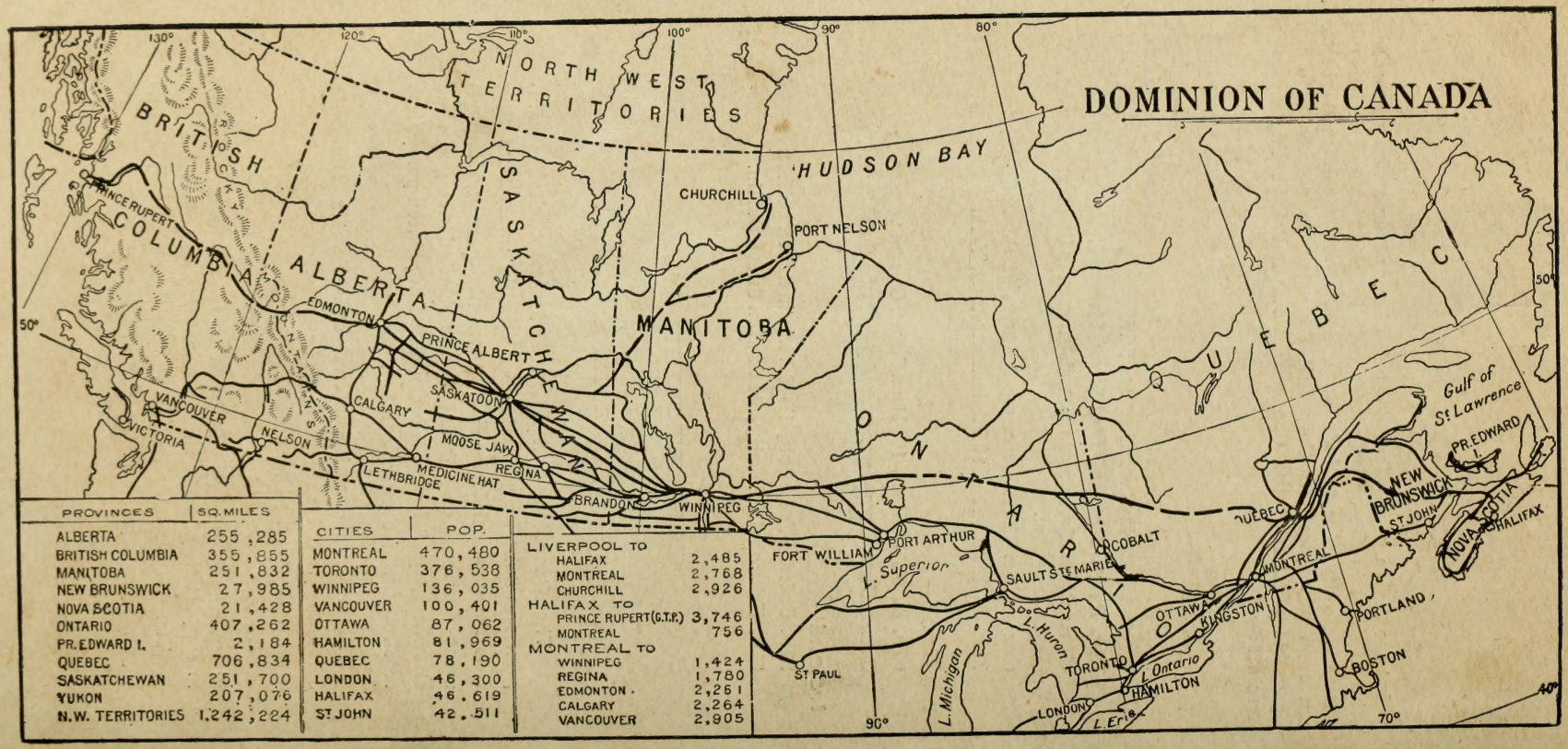
NOTE.

The Canadian Emigration Department desires emigrants and booking agents to distinctly understand that it is not responsible for any statements made by Employment Bureaus or others in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, apart from those contained in printed pamphlets or circulars of the Department.

Farmers, Farm Labourers, and Female Domestic Servants are the only people whom the Canadian Immigration Department advises to go to Canada.

All others should get definite assurance of employment in Canada before leaving home, and have money enough to support them for a time in case of disappointment.

The proper time to reach Canada is between the beginning of April and the end of September.



PROVINCES	SQ. MILES
ALBERTA	255,285
BRITISH COLUMBIA	355,855
MANITOBA	251,832
NEW BRUNSWICK	27,985
NOVA SCOTIA	21,428
ONTARIO	407,262
PR. EDWARD I.	2,184
QUEBEC	706,834
SASKATCHEWAN	251,700
YUKON	207,076
N.W. TERRITORIES	1,242,224

CITIES	POP.
MONTREAL	470,480
TORONTO	376,538
WINNIPEG	136,035
VANCOUVER	100,401
OTTAWA	87,062
HAMILTON	81,969
QUEBEC	78,190
LONDON	46,300
HALIFAX	46,619
ST JOHN	42,511

LIVERPOOL TO	
HALIFAX	2,485
MONTREAL	2,768
CHURCHILL	2,926
HALIFAX TO	
PRINCE RUPERT (G.T.P.)	3,746
MONTREAL	756
MONTREAL TO	
WINNIPEG	1,424
REGINA	1,780
EDMONTON	2,251
CALGARY	2,264
VANCOUVER	2,905